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Volume XIX

Number 4

The
**South Atlantic
Quarterly**

EDITED BY
WILLIAM K. BOYD *and* WILLIAM H. WANNAMAKER

OCTOBER, 1920

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DURHAM, N. C.

Founded by the "9019" of Trinity College

Entered May 3, 1902, as second-class matter, Postoffice at Durham, N. C.
Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The South Atlantic Quarterly

Published at Trinity College, Durham, N. C., by the
South Atlantic Publishing Company

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For their journal, the editors and publishers solicit the support of thinking people in all sections of the country and especially in the South. The subscription price is two dollars per year. Communications in regard to articles, book reviews, and editorial matters should be addressed to the Managing Editor, SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY, Trinity College, Durham, N. C. If the return of manuscripts not accepted is desired, the required postage should be enclosed. Subscriptions and all communications relating to advertisements and business matters should be addressed to the Treasurer, SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY, Durham, N. C.

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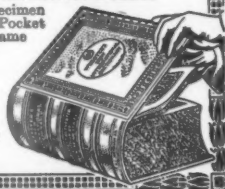
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The Sewanee Review is conducted by members of the Faculties of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, but has no official connection with the University.

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The South Atlantic Quarterly

Revaluation and Taxation in North Carolina

FRANCIS NASH

Assistant Attorney-General of North Carolina

In 1911 the General Assembly of North Carolina devised machinery to assess for taxation all property at its true value.* This machinery was only partially successful, largely because it provided for a county and so a local assessment. Much property was, however, put upon the tax list which had not been there before, and the values were appreciably increased. As a system, though, it was a distinct failure as the succeeding years showed. The people of the state were in 1914 given an opportunity to amend their constitution in such a way that the subjects of taxation might be classified and segregated to particular purposes. They were given an opportunity to reserve real estate for county and local purposes only. Far from availing themselves of the opportunity, they repudiated the whole scheme by very large majorities. There was thus a mandate from the people to the General Assembly to conform its revenue laws to the State Constitution as it then stood. That required the assessment of all property at its true value, and by an equal and uniform rule. Everyone knows that no property was assessed at anything near its true value, except solvent credits in the hands of a sensitively honest holder, and the same class of property in the hands of a fiduciary with a record made of his holding.

* For a discussion of the movement for tax reform in North Carolina see Pearson's "Present Status of Tax Reform", *South Atlantic Quarterly*, October, 1919.

Every one knows that valuation of the tangible property of corporations, both private and public service, was greater in proportion than that of farm lands and farm stock. Every one knows that in bringing all taxable property up to a uniform plane of true value, that property which before was most under-valued, would now, under the new system, show the greatest percentage of increase. When, then, the re-valuation plans of Governor Bickett and the State Tax Commission took form in the Re-valuation Act of 1919, it was evident that there were two points at which its machinery might break down: first, how was the average citizen going to respond to this appeal to his conscience; and second, how was the machinery itself going to function in the face of the known tendency of all our public measures to gravitate into selfish, or partisan, politics.

It must be a cause of intense gratification to every one interested in the future of North Carolina to know that what some feared at one time was an impossibility has become an established fact; that the tax payers have in almost every instance responded candidly and honestly to this appeal to their conscience, and that the officials who had committed to their charge the administration of the law have administered it without fear or favor. Of course, something must be allowed to the psychology of the moment. The people had become accustomed to answering searching questions submitted to them in the form of questionnaires by the numerous war agencies of the federal government during the years immediately preceding Governor Bickett's questionnaire. Against this, however, must be set the traditional prejudice of our people against all forms of taxes. Twenty years ago one never met a man over sixty years of age, however enlightened and honest he may have been, who did not regard all taxes as essentially an evil, so to him that government was best which maintained taxes at the lowest possible level. This sentiment, this prejudice, consciously or unconsciously, still constitutes a very impelling motive for action among our elder statesmen, as well as among our elder tax payers. As a whole, then, the results of the revaluation of property give very impressive evidence of the moral soundness of our people.

The Tax Commission in its report pays this tribute to the people: "If the work has been well done, it is because the average citizen and tax payer of the State refused to be stampeded by appeals to his fears and selfish interests and gave his full coöperation to the extent that he furnished a full disclosure of his property and a fair estimate of its market value."

Said Governor Bickett in his message to the special session of the General Assembly which convened last August: "In the new machinery act the people were for the first time seriously asked to tell the truth, and they have responded to this appeal in noble fashion. . . . No such august array of witnesses has ever assembled, as appeared in the high inquest that has just been completed; for, in a diligent and devout search for the ultimate facts every property owner in the state was put upon the stand and solemnly sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The values fixed are the crystallization and sworn evidence of all the people. Taking the state as a whole, 75% of the assessments were made at substantially the values sworn to by the owners of the property; 20% were substantially increased, and 5% were decreased." These figures show that at least eighty per cent of the tax payers conscientiously tried to answer the questions fairly and honestly, without reservations or concealment.

The following figures showing in a large way the general results of revaluation are taken from the report of the State Tax Commission to the General Assembly.

"We present herewith comparative statement of total value of each of the several classes of property for the years 1919 and 1920:

	1920	1919	INCREASE
Real property	\$1,981,563,494	\$506,808,394	\$1,474,755,100
Personal property	803,371,108	426,062,907	377,208,201
Cotton mills	205,581,304	58,266,591	147,314,713
Woodworking and furn. fac....	24,728,628	8,053,188	16,675,440
Knitting mills	19,972,015	7,102,454	12,869,561
Cotton oil and fertilizer plants..	5,961,462	2,357,209	3,604,253
Grain mills	1,745,105	711,187	933,918
Vehicle manufacturers	1,240,670	472,666	868,004
Banks	35,247,693	21,255,863	13,991,830

Tobacco companies (property) ..	93,787,174	39,543,007	54,244,167
Miscellaneous	9,302,788	3,303,095	5,999,693
Corporation excess	20,832,385	20,000,000	832,385
Power companies	56,484,094	8,331,112	48,152,982
Railroads	250,587,158	125,417,618	125,169,540

"In comparing the increase in personal property, as related to increase in real property, with the 1919 values on each, the explanation should be made that real property tax values have stood still since 1915, except for new structures, while the increase in quantity and value of personal property was listed up each year. The real values now fixed stand for four years, and based upon past experience we will expect the personal property to continue to increase during each of the four years.

"The same explanation applies to assessment of all corporations except railroads. They are all assessed annually, and the increase in value each year is assessed."

According to these figures the total value of taxable property for 1920 is \$3,510,405,078, while that for 1919 was \$1,227,685,291, making the increase \$2,282,719,787.

It is noticeable that the percentage of increase in the value of real estate is greater than that in the value of any other property except power companies. The Tax Commission gives one reason for this in the excerpt from their report given above. The last valuation was in 1915. I have suggested another heretofore in this article. Real estate, particularly farming lands, has heretofore been proportionately undervalued, so in getting at its true value there must necessarily be a proportionately greater increase. It must be remembered, too, that the relation between the increase in value of real property and that of personal property is materially affected by the exemption of three hundred dollars of the latter in the hands of each tax payer from liability for any tax at all. The larger proportionate increase in the value of real estate is a fact which has deflected the course of legislation at the special session more than any other single fact, and I shall return to it later.

When we come to examine the report of the Tax Commission to ascertain whether there are still inequalities between section and section, it is difficult to draw any accurate general conclusion. The topography of even adjoining counties may sometimes be so dif-

ferent as to justify material modifications in the value of the real estate of each. Take Brunswick and Bladen counties, for instance. The average value of land in 1920 in the first is \$10.90 per acre, while that of the second is \$19.24 per acre, while Robeson, just west of Bladen, including within its bounds many swamp areas, has its lands valued at \$76.23 per acre. Immediately west of Robeson comes Scotland, with a valuation of \$81.30 per acre. Immediately west of Scotland lies Richmond, which has a valuation of only \$28.63, and turning to Moore, a neighbor of Richmond, the valuation is still lower, \$19.93 per acre. No valuations are so low as those of the last two counties, except those of the extreme east and the extreme west, the seashore and the mountains. Let me take another group of counties with Wilson in the center. That county's 1920 valuation is \$113.17 an acre. North of it are Nash and Edgecombe. East, South and West of it are Pitt, Greene, Wayne and Johnston. The 1920 valuations are: Nash, \$67.82 per acre; Edgecombe, \$80.44 per acre; Pitt, \$87.54 per acre; Green, \$83.87 per acre; Wayne, \$81.37 per acre; and Johnston, \$65.38 per acre. It is a far cry from Wilson's \$113.17 to Brunswick's \$10.90, or Moore's \$19.93, or Chatham's \$23.09. The theory of the revaluation act is that values should be equalized in the counties by the county supervisor and appraiser, in districts by the district supervisor, and in the state at large by the Tax Commission. The process, itself, is an exceedingly difficult one, involving the consideration of many elements. If these officers approximated equality, that is all any fair minded man could ask. The Commission endeavored to arrange the ten tax districts in such way that all the counties in a particular district should have general like features, topography, soil, crops, etc. None of the ten districts is coincident with a congressional district. It is very easy to criticise the result of such attempted equalization after the work is complete, but it can, I think, be safely asserted that in no case is there any overvaluation, with the possible exception of the county of Wilson, and that the work has been conscientiously done in all instances.

The mere fact of this great increase in the taxable value of property presented to the special session of the General

Assembly which convened last August for consideration of the tax problem a serious question. The remainder of this paper will be taken up with the statement of how this and other problems were met and how they were solved.

In the first place, both Houses showed an admirable sensitiveness to the obligation imposed upon them by their pre-valuation promise that whatever the result of that process might be, the gross amount of taxes collected in 1920 should not exceed a ten per cent increase over those collected in 1919. They were indeed better than their promise, in that they refused to levy any state or pension tax on property at all. The rate levied in 1919 for these objects amounted to 15 $\frac{2}{3}$ cents on the hundred dollars of property. They reduced the state school tax, last year 32 cents and 96 cents on the poll, to 13 cents and 39 cents on the poll. As a substitute for this omitted tax, they increased the organization and franchise taxes on corporations, and the franchise tax on railroads, express companies, telegraph companies, telephone companies, chair and sleeping car companies, and insurance, bond and investment companies.

Counties and municipalities were allowed the ten per cent increase only in the levy of taxes for 1920. With outstanding bond issues before the levy of taxes in 1919, they may levy for 1920 an amount not exceeding the ten per cent increase, and the fund arising therefrom must be devoted wholly to such bond purposes. With outstanding bonds issued since the 1919 levy of taxes, or hereafter issued in the year 1920, or any other year, taxes may be levied not subject to the ten per cent limitation. Special taxes authorized and voted since the levy of 1919 may be levied outside of the limitation, but at a rate which will produce an amount not more than ten per cent in excess of the amount which would have been produced by a levy at the rate voted by the people on the assessed valuation of property for the year 1919. Territory included in a town or a city since its tax levy of 1919 is not to affect the tax levy in the town or city. The governing authorities are first to ascertain what rate of taxes should be levied upon the original territory of the town in order to raise an amount ten per cent greater than the amount raised

in 1919, and then are to levy that tax upon all the territory of the town, both new and old.

Special school tax districts, with special taxes voted to run the schools beyond the constitutional term of six months, finding that the ten per cent limitation will prevent them from having a term in 1920-21 so long as that in 1919-20, may borrow from the state treasury amounts sufficient to run the term to the required period. A fund not exceeding \$300,000 is provided for this purpose. If the amount is not available from funds in the treasury, the State Treasury is given authority to borrow the same.

Acting in accordance with the suggestion of the Tax Commission, the General Assembly permits any person who deems himself aggrieved because his property is assessed at an excessive value, during the months of May or June to petition the Board of Commissioners of the county to relieve him of such excessive valuation, and the Board may relieve him upon a finding that the value is excessive, and fix the true value. This becomes the value of the property for taxation, upon approval of the finding of the Board of County Commissioners by the State Tax Commission. This review, however, can not be had before the year 1921. With this exception, the values as ascertained under the Revaluation Act are to continue in force for the next four years, 1920-1923 inclusive.

I have thus attempted to give in a condensed form the scheme of taxation devised by the special session to meet immediate contingencies. It is essentially temporary, and does not pretend to be more. The larger question will have to be dealt with by the General Assembly of 1921. The temporary character of this legislation, to a certain extent at any rate, disarms the criticism, a just one, perhaps, that adequate revenues have not been provided for the state. The special session, though, went further and in certain constitutional amendments, to be submitted for ratification to the people at the coming November election, have attempted to adapt our fundamental law to the changed conditions brought about by the revaluation.

The Constitution of 1868, Article V, section 1, as interpreted by the State Supreme Court, limited the combined state

and county taxes for ordinary governmental purposes to 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ cents on the \$100.00 of property. As matters were, the state was taking the lion's share of this amount, 47 $\frac{2}{3}$ cents, leaving the counties only 19 cents. In practical operation this amount has not been sufficient in a number of instances. However, section 8 of the same article, as construed by the Court in connection with Article VII, section 7, permits a county to levy an additional tax for necessary expenses, with the approval of the legislature; if not for necessary expenses, with the approval, in addition to that of the legislature, of a majority of the qualified voters of the county. The constitutional amendment submitted by the special session declares that the combined state and county tax on property shall never exceed fifteen cents on the \$100.00 value of the same, and of this amount it assigns five cents to the state, leaving ten for the counties, and still allows counties to levy an additional tax for a special purpose, with the approval of the legislature. It further declares that this limitation shall not apply to taxes levied for the maintenance of the public schools of the state for the six months term required by the Constitution.

Perhaps at no time since the ratification of the Constitution of 1868 was there not one, at least, of the judges of the Supreme Court, who contended that that instrument put an absolute limit of two dollars upon the poll tax. The majority view, though, prevailed, and in nearly every local measure a poll tax was required to be levied in accordance with the constitutional equation of three to one. As a consequence, this tax in some instances was so great as to constitute it a discriminatory burden. The special session met this evil in a proposed constitutional amendment which puts an absolute limit of two dollars upon the poll tax, with permission to cities to levy a like tax not exceeding one dollar in amount. This amendment, too, does away with the old equation between the rate of property tax and the amount of the poll, and leaves it discretionary with the legislature and the governing authorities of the cities and towns as to whether such tax shall be levied or not.

The Constitution of 1868 authorized the Legislature to tax incomes, with the proviso that no income shall be taxed when the property from which the income is derived is taxed. As a productive tax, it is manifest this is largely dried up at its source. The amendment submitted strikes out this proviso,—limits the rate to six per cent, with exemptions of not less than \$2,000.00 to a married man with a wife living with him, and to a widow or widower, having minor child or children, and to all other persons not less than \$1,000.00. The legislature may allow other deductions (not including living expenses), so that only net incomes are taxed. In the omission of a wife with a husband living with her from the designation of those entitled to the \$2,000.00 exemption, may be found a rather curious commentary on the subconscious mental attitude of the legislature towards the woman question. She must come within the class, "all other persons," though she may have a husband as well as a lot of minor children dependent upon her, and she is entitled to an exemption of only one thousand dollars.

It is declared by competent authority that the income tax so defined and properly levied and administered will provide adequate revenue for the state without the levy of any other tax, except the franchise taxes on corporations, public service and other. This is probably true, certainly so, if these increased franchise taxes together with other sources of revenue will provide an adequate support for the state during the year 1920.

In submitting these amendments, three in number, the General Assembly declared that they shall be considered as one amendment for the purpose of voting upon them. In other words, the voter must take all or none of them.

The finance committees of the two Houses had agreed upon another modification of the revenue and taxation article of the Constitution, reported the same and it was adopted by the House, but in the Senate it was stricken out. It was this: "The General Assembly may tax, without exemption, the income of interest received or accrued from solvent credits, at a rate not exceeding twenty per cent, in lieu of all other taxes on such property." It has been amply dem-

onstrated that a lower rate of taxes on solvent credits discovers many thousands of dollars worth of this property, which have never been on tax lists before. The low rate of taxation under revaluation will no doubt have this effect. It is difficult to see what possible benefit the proposed amendment could have been to the owner of solvent credits. He could not be taxed more than six per cent on his income. If property values are to be maintained, the property tax is not apt to be more than ten per cent, which, if his rate of interest is six per cent, would be 60 cents on the \$100.00 of property. Before the tax payer would, under ordinary conditions, avail himself of this twenty per cent privilege, his income tax must be at the rate of six per cent, and his property tax ninety cents on the \$100.00. It was well that so complicated a provision should have been stricken out.

The special session also modified the Municipal Finance Act so that it would accord with the changed conditions arising from the revaluation of property. If the governing body of any municipality should find that the taxes levied therein for the year 1920, at the maximum rate fixed by law, will be insufficient for its needs, then the governing body may submit the question of a higher rate to the people at an election to be held in September, 1920. If a majority of the votes cast shall be in favor of the levy, it may be made, otherwise not. Counties and municipalities are also authorized to issue bonds to meet deficits arising from the insufficiency of their revenues in 1920 or any previous year to pay their necessary expenses. The bonds may be issued without the approval of the qualified voters, because the proceeds must be devoted wholly to the payment of debts incurred for necessary expenses. The statement of assessed valuation of property as required in the Municipal Finance Act is made to accord with the revaluation of 1920. Where the assessed valuation of 1920 does not exceed \$10,000,000.00, the net indebtedness cannot be more than seven per cent of this assessed valuation, and five per cent in other cases. No county can incur a bonded indebtedness greater than five per cent of the assessed valuation of property within that county, as ascertained by the last assessment. All bonds sold by any politi-

cal subdivision of the state, such as counties, townships, school districts, etc., shall be advertised in accordance with the provisions of the Municipal Finance Act. It is to be regretted that the special session intermingled these regulations of county finances in amendments to the Municipal Finance Act. That act previously has been expressly confined to cities, towns, and incorporated villages.

I have thus carefully gone over the completed work of the General Assembly at its recent special session in its attempt to deal with the results of the revaluation of property. Of course political and partisan motives may appear here and there in the story, but there are none personal or selfish. That there should be these political and partisan motives is a necessary condition of our public life—sometimes I think it is a salutary condition, this play and interplay of party schemes and motives and ambitions. They make both parties alive to their responsibility to the people. There has been, and will continue to be, an attempt to excite the animosity of farmers as a class to the authors of revaluation, because the increase in the value of real estate has been greater in proportion than that of any other class of property. But this is a necessary condition of the process of arriving at the true value of all property. As I have said before, real estate was appreciably undervalued in comparison with other property and has been so undervalued many years. I venture to say that there has been no fair or extended investigation of this fact within the last twenty-five years which has not demonstrated it to be true. Such investigations have been made and carefully made. For many years real estate has not borne its proportion of the burden of taxation. The intelligent, honest, and fair-minded farmer, when he realizes this, and sees further that the rate of taxation upon him has been very greatly decreased, and that everyone else is paying his equal and fair part of the taxes, will not permit the half truths of a self-seeking politician to affect his attitude towards this great question. The honest man must appreciate and approve an honest attempt to put our tax system upon an honest basis, though in the process there may be some temporary disarrangement of his preconceived ideas in regard to it. It goes

without saying that the system so far developed is not an ideal one; we have not yet attained that equality and uniformity contemplated by the Constitution. That will be the great question which will confront for its solution the General Assembly of 1921. We have, however, taken a long step in advance towards the attainment of this object. To draw near the goal of true and equalized value of all property for taxation is, in itself, a great accomplishment. 'Tis not so much the little inequalities which are apparent now, that should affect us, as the great promise of good which the scheme, if properly administrated, as it will be, will bring to every tax payer in the state. He will know more and more that though he bears the burden of taxation, his neighbor is bearing an equal share with him. To attempt at the Legislature of 1921, or any subsequent legislature, to do away with the great work of revaluation would be criminal folly. That is the foundation upon which we must build, with the goal of low and equal uniform taxation in sight. Personally, I am convinced that our whole system of corporate taxation must be revised and reconstructed before we can attain this goal. The special session did not have time to deal with this question. As I have said above, with the exception of the constitutional amendments submitted by it, its work was temporary, intended indeed only for the year 1920. So long as section 3 of Article V of the Constitution shall require the taxation by uniform rule of all moneys, credits, investments in bonds, stocks, joint stock companies, or otherwise, and, also, all real and personal property according to its true value in money, then the property of a corporation and its stock in the hands of each shareholder will be two separate and distinct units for taxation. When the statute, as it does, exempts the corporations from paying any state tax on its tangible property because its stockholders pay a state tax on the market value of their shares, and exempts the stockholders from paying any county or local tax on the value of his shares, because the corporation pays this county and local tax upon its tangible property, it very clearly does not apply the uniform rule of the Constitution. The increased organization and franchise taxes were a mere temporary ex-

pedient,—a shifting of the burden of the question from the shoulders of the special session to those of the coming regular session.

The ideal which we must diligently strive to attain in all our tax laws and their administration is this,—the collection of such a sum as to meet the requirements of a modern state, with the burden of its imposition distributed equally and uniformly upon and among all the tax payers, and then the wise and honest administration of this fund for the common good of all the people. When this ideal shall be even approximately attained, taxes will cease to be an imposition,—a burden,—and will become to tax payers an investment, yielding the largest and most satisfactory of dividends.

The University Commission on Southern Race Questions

JOSIAH MORSE

University of South Carolina

"Where is the ethical, psychological, anthropological, or economic monograph, the result of accredited, modern scientific methods, produced by a representative of the Southern white caste? Indeed, he could hardly approach such a study in the right spirit without violating the dogma which bars the path that alone can lead to scientific truth." Thus writes Professor George Elliott Howard of the University of Nebraska. This sterility in the humanistic sciences is due, he thinks, to the poison of race prejudice in the southern mind and heart.

The stricture is severe, and even if it were true, there is the probability of a plurality of causes for the alleged phenomenon, and not merely the one cause given by Professor Howard. In assigning only the one cause, he betrays in himself the very prejudice he sees so clearly in the South. In view of the mad riots in Chicago and Omaha no intelligent citizen of another section will maintain that race prejudice is the characteristic that distinguishes the people of the South from all other Americans. Rather will it be admitted that the chief reason that manifestations of the prejudice have been less frequent in some sections than in others has been the less frequent occasion or opportunity. When it comes to fundamentals, all of us are fearfully human, as Shakespeare once observed. But be that as it may, it was precisely for the purpose of approaching the study of the race problem in the right spirit, of substituting reason for passion, careful induction from research and observation for opinion and "the will to believe", that the University Commission on Southern Race Questions was organized at Nashville, Tenn., May 24, 1912.

The organizer was Dr. James H. Dillard, President of the Slater and Jeanes Boards, formerly Dean of Tulane

University. The second sentence in the Minutes of the Commission reads as follows: "Dr. Dillard presided and outlined his purpose in calling together representatives of eleven Southern State Universities, which was to foster a scientific approach to the study of the race question in the South. He stated that he had visited eleven State Universities, and had found in each a cordial response to the plan of establishing a University Commission on Race Relations, with the idea that such Commission should consult with leading men in both races, should endeavor to keep informed in regard to the relations existing between the races, and should aim especially to influence Southern college men to approach the subject with intelligent information and with sympathetic interest."

How well the Commission caught and responded to the spirit of Dr. Dillard may be noted from the following outline of the topics discussed at its second meeting. 1. What are the conditions? (a) Religious: Contributions, excessive denominationalism, lack of the practical in preaching, etc. (b) Educational: Self-help, northern contributions, public schools, etc. Are methods now employed the right ones? (c) Hygienic: Whole question of health and disease. (d) Economic: Land ownership, business enterprises, abuse of credit system, etc. Is the Negro advancing? Is he meeting with encouragement? Do the white people of the South really want the Negro to advance? (e) Civic: Common carriers, courts of justice, franchise, etc. What is the South's attitude toward lynching? Reaction upon Whites worse than effect upon Negroes. How may conditions be improved? 2. What is the attitude of the southern white people toward the Negro? Is it in the main friendly? Is the friendly feeling growing? How may we help to improve conditions in the best interests of both races? What may be hoped as to future conditions and relations?

Committees were appointed to study each of these groups of problems, and the results of the scholarly investigations made by the Committee on Civic Status of the Negro and the Committee on Economics are reported in the minutes of the

Commission, and here, at least, Professor Howard will find monographs "the result of accredited, modern scientific methods, produced by representatives of the Southern white caste," as he will also in the several Phelps-Stokes Fellowship Papers, published by the universities of Virginia and Georgia.

The fourth meeting of the Commission was held in Washington, D. C., December 14-15, 1914. On the morning of the 15th President Wilson received the Commission, and addressed it as follows: "I am very glad to express my sincere interest in this work and sympathy with it. I think that men like yourselves can be trusted to see this great question at every angle. There isn't any question, it seems to me, into which more candor needs to be put, or more thorough human good feeling than this. I know myself, as a Southern man, how sincerely the heart of the South desires the good of the Negro and the advancement of his race on all sound and sensible lines, and everything than can be done in that direction is of the highest value. It is a matter of common understanding.

"There is a charming story told about Charles Lamb. The conversation in his little circle turned upon some man who was not present, and Lamb, who, you know, stuttered, said, 'I hate that fellow.' His friend said, 'Charles, I didn't know you knew him.' Lamb replied, 'I don't; I can't hate a fellow I know.'

"I think that is a very profound human fact. You cannot hate a man you know. And our object is to know the needs of the Negro and sympathetically help him in every way that is possible for his good and for our good. I can only bid you Godspeed in what is a very necessary and great undertaking."

At this meeting the Commission came to the conclusion that the outstanding need was to "transform the average white man's attitude toward the Negro" and that this could best be done through the college students. It was, therefore, determined that henceforth efforts should be made "to bring the students of the South to a realization of the need of studying race questions scientifically and sympathetically." Since then the Commission has centered its interests and efforts upon the college students. On January 5, 1916, it issued its first "Open

Letter to the College Men of the South." This dealt with lynching and something of the spirit and viewpoint of the Commission can again be gained from the following paragraphs taken from the letter:

"Lynching is a contagious social disease, and as such is of deep concern to every American citizen and to every lover of civilization. It is especially of concern to you, and you can do much to abolish it. Vice and crime know that their best, though unconscious and unwilling allies, are luke-warmness and timidity on the part of educated, 'good' citizens. Wrong is weaker than right, and must yield whenever right is persistent and determined.

"It is, of course, no argument in favor of lynching, nor can we derive any legitimate satisfaction from the fact, that it is not confined to any one section of our country and that the victims are not always black. One of the bad features of lynching is that it quickly becomes a habit, and, like all bad habits, deepens and widens rapidly. Formerly lynchings were mainly incited by rape and murder, but the habit has spread until now such outrages are committed for much less serious crimes. The wrong that it does to the wretched victims is almost as nothing compared with the injury it does to the lynchers themselves, to the community, and to society at large."

The second letter, issued Sept. 1, 1916, dealt with education, and on this subject the Commission said, among other things: "In its last analysis, education simply means bringing forth all the native capacities of the individual for the benefit both of himself and of society. It is axiomatic that a developed plant, animal, or man is more valuable to society than the undeveloped. It is likewise obvious that ignorance is the most fruitful source of human ills. Furthermore, it is as true in a social as in a physical sense that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. The good results thus far obtained, as shown by the Negro's progress within recent years, prompt the Commission to urge the extension of his educational opportunities.

"The inadequate provision for the education of the Negro is more than an injustice to him; it is an injury to the white man. The South can not realize its destiny if one-third of its

population is undeveloped and inefficient. For our common welfare we must strive to cure disease wherever we find it, strengthen whatever is weak, and develop all that is undeveloped."

The third letter, issued August 31, 1917, deals with Negro Migration, which was then an acute problem. The concluding paragraph of this letter was:

"The South can not compete on a financial basis with other sections of the country for the labor of the Negro but the South can easily keep her Negroes against all allurements if she will give them a larger measure of those things that human beings hold dearer than material goods. Generosity begets gratitude, and gratitude grips and holds man more powerfully than hoops of steel. It is axiomatic that fair dealing, sympathy, patience, tolerance, and other human virtues benefit those who exercise them even more than the beneficiaries of them. It pays to be just and kind, both spiritually and materially. Surely the South has nothing to lose and much to gain by adopting an attitude like that indicated above."

The last letter, issued April 26, 1919, deals with the New Reconstruction. Under this head the Commission says:

"The world-wide reconstruction that is following in the wake of the war will necessarily affect the South in a peculiar way. Nearly 300,000 Negroes have been called into the military service of the country; many thousands more have been drawn from peaceful pursuits into industries born of the war; and several hundred thousands have shifted from the South to the industrial districts of the North. The demobilization of the army and the transition of industry from a war to a peace basis are creating many problems which can be solved only by the efforts of both races. The Negro in adapting himself to the new conditions should have the wise sympathy and generous coöperation of his white neighbors. It and a wider degree of coöperation between the best elements is to the interest of these, as well as of the Negro himself, that readjustment should proceed with the least possible difficulty and delay.

"We believe that this readjustment may be effectively aid-

ed by a more general appreciation of the Negro's value as a member of the community. Lack of sympathy and understanding between two groups of people frequently causes one group to regard the shortcomings of a few individuals of the other as characteristic of all that group. This is a natural tendency but it is neither rational nor just, and it has proved, we believe, one of the great obstacles to the development of more satisfactory racial relations in this country. . . . At this time we would appeal especially for a large measure of thoughtfulness and consideration, for the control of careless habits of speech which give needless offense, and for the practice of just relations. To seek by all practicable means to cultivate a more tolerant spirit, a more generous sympathy, and a wider degree of coöperation between the best elements of both races, to emphasize the best rather than the worst features of interracial relations, to secure greater publicity for those whose views are based on reason rather than prejudice—these, we believe, are essential parts of the reconstruction programme by which it is hoped to bring into the world a new era of peace and democracy. Because college men are rightly expected to be moulders of opinion, the commission earnestly appeals to them to contribute of their talents and energy in bringing this programme to its consummation."

These letters were carried by the Associated Press and were the subjects of much favorable and laudatory editorial comment on the part of leading white and colored newspapers and magazines. Thus, the *Southwestern Christian Advocate* observed: "If there had been doubt as to the wisdom of this Commission and its practicability at its opening session, it was all dispelled in the more recent sessions, which showed that the Commission had not only a firm grip upon the task in hand, but has won for itself profound respect and consideration throughout the country.

"The Commission has set upon a very serious and practical task, that of creating a healthy public sentiment on the race question. One of the biggest benefits being derived from the work of the Commission is the stimulation of the thought of the younger generation of white men of the South in an effort to get them to place the race question on a basis

of common humanity, and in this there has been the most sanguine success. . . . The Commission served the public most effectively in breaking the ice in the approach and in the study of the Negro question. It is frank to say that there was a time when Southern white men thought they could not afford to deal with this question in anything like a scientific, sympathetic, and just way, but the University Commission has given dignity and standing to the study of the race question. It has lifted the whole question out of the realm of objectionable into the realm of the scientific, practical, and patriotic. . . . We hail with genuine delight the work of this Commission. It is patriotic, practical, progressive, potential, and prophetic."

The concluding paragraph of a two-column article on the Commission by Horace Bumstead in the *Boston Herald and Journal* reads: "It seems impossible to overestimate the significance of this new approach to the race problem. As never before, the white college youth of the South are being trained by their professors to get at the facts of the situation accurately and deal with them wisely and justly. In a few years, when these boys become leaders of thought and action in their several communities, most beneficent results should be expected."

Perhaps the finest compliment ever paid the Commission was that of Isaac Fisher, the brilliant editor of the *Fisk University News*. Describing a conference the Commission held with the members of the Fisk faculty, Fisher writes: "The chairman of the Commission made it clear that he wanted the *truth*, and made emphatic the desire of the Commission that the colored men to speak should hold nothing back on the ground that proper measures could not be taken so long as the two groups are not frank with each other.

"A faculty group sat there, looking into the faces of the men of the Commission and wondering how far they meant for the speakers to go in responding to the insistent demand for 'frankness.' All recognized that so far as the stage setting was concerned, the Commission was making 'a scientific approach' to the study of the race question; for the

dogged determination to have the truth about any question is, in essence, the scientific approach to the question at issue.

"But many soldiers have marched resolutely up the hill of battle only to turn immediately and march down again, with equal resolution. Would the Commission maintain its scientific attitude? Could it, would it look bald, naked, disagreeable facts in the face with the steadfastness with which the eagle gazes upon the brightness of the sun? In plain words, having asked colored men and women to speak the truth about what they felt about the race question, would this body of Southern white men quail before that truth and say to the speakers, as did Festus to the eloquent Paul: 'Thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.'

"I might just as well say here that there were some who gazed into the faces of the Commission, and, remembering that frankness on the race question has not always been counted a virtue, were seriously wrestling with the problem and wondering how far the colored speakers should go. That this is true, was proven by one speaker who told how greatly encouraged she was to have witnessed an occasion in which colored people as well as white people were permitted to say what they wanted to say on the race problems of the South. *But the Commission, under most trying circumstances, held their ground and maintained the scientific attitude.* They had asked for the truth, and, please God, they sat like grim stoics of old and listened to that truth to the last full measure.

"If the eyes of any member of that Commission ever fall upon these lines, I hope that as they read these words they will be assured that the writer knew what a trial it was for the members to sit patiently while colored spokesmen laid bare the heart of a race; and that his sympathy was just as keen for the Commission-hearers as for those whose cause was being pleaded. He comes of a race whose kindness of heart has been one of its most lovable traits."

The Commission has held similar conferences with the faculties of Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes, and with groups of representative Negroes in some of the larger cities in the South. Always it has been ready and eager to listen and learn, being painfully conscious of the immensity and

difficulty of the subject; not for one moment has it had the "I-know-all-about-the-Negro, raised-with-him," attitude of mind.

More and more the Commission has come to feel that its highest function is to serve as interpreter of the Negro to the whites through the college students. If the two races are to live together in harmony and mutual helpfulness they must know and understand each other. To fulfil its function, however, the Commission realizes that it must have the implicit confidence of the Negro, and itself be so free from bias and predilection that it will be able to report accurately its observations. It is too much, of course, for any human group to hope to eliminate completely the personal and social equations in dealing with a race problem, and particularly the Negro problem. But to the extent that the Commission has succeeded in doing this, it has justified its existence and the hopes of its organizer and all true lovers of their kind, North and South. Not so much what the Commission has actually done, as what it hoped to do, and the spirit in which it has gone about its work, are its greatest assets.

Attila in History and Heroic Story

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During the first years of the Great War, there appeared a Belgian post-card, representing German soldiers on guard over a pathetic group of women and children. The card bore an inscription printed in three languages:

"Werk der Hunnen Ellende en Hongersnood
L'Oeuvre d'Attila Misere et Famine
Work of Huns Misery and Starvation."

Within the last few years the figure of Attila at the head of his Hunnish hordes, always typical of barbaric cruelty, has been brought afresh into prominence. His thirst for *Weltmacht*, his cruelty and his remorselessness, furnished a parallel with the characteristics of the last Emperor of Germany that he who ran might read. Edward Hutton, in his *Attila and the Huns*, was among the first to draw an elaborate comparison between the Germans and those barbarians who overran Gaul and Italy nearly fifteen centuries ago. And since the beginning of the war there has perhaps been no synonym for the Germans more frequently on the lips of soldier and civilian than that descriptive term, "the Huns." Yet there has been no sudden revival of an interest in the Hunnish chief; the name of Attila has never faded from men's minds. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, Thomas Hodgkin compared him to Napoleon. His name gave the title to a tragedy by Corneille, an opera by Verdi, an epic poem by Herbert, and numerous other poems, plays, and treatises, Italian, French, and German. A line of history, legend, and saga stretches from the time of Priscus, his contemporary, to the present year.

Perhaps no other barbarian made such an impression on the Roman, especially the ecclesiastical, mind. In spite of the fact that he never attacked Rome as did Alaric, the tales of his depredations in Gaul and in northern Italy, and of his proud and insolent treatment of both emperors, inspired the Roman world with a terror hardly commensurate with his

real powers. In the Latin traditions he became known as the special minister of God's vengeance on a sinful world, the "Scourge of God," the "grandson of Nimrod, nurtured in Engedi, by the grace of God King of the Huns, Goths, Danes, and Medes, the terror of the world." When the Magyars embraced Christianity, their clergy found for them a suitable ancestry in a supposed descent from Attila, *flagellum Dei*; and from the eleventh century to the fifteenth, the chroniclers of the Hungarians busied themselves in writing fantastic tales of Attila's adventures, based neither on history nor on tradition, pure figments of their own imagination. Another Attila grew up in Austria and appeared in the poems which gathered around the Nibelungs; still another developed in Scandinavian territory, and became the Atli, "a fierce man and grim," of the Eddic lays and the *Völsungasaga*.

It was natural that the figure of Attila, the most impressive and striking of his day, should have proved attractive to the writers of Germanic heroic story. There is no one prose saga or epic poem devoted to Attila, but we hear of him in the tales which embody the story of the Nibelungs or the adventure of Dietrick von Bern. To the legend of Siegfried his presence added not only picturesqueness but an historic background which increased the versimilitude of the tale.

The outlines of the Siegfried story are well known through the *Ring des Nibelungen* of Richard Wagner, who has given us a version based chiefly on Scandinavian sources. Siegfried and the dragon, Brunnhilde, the Valkyrie, and Kriemhild, the wife of Siegfried, are familiar figures on the operatic stage. But with the murder of Siegfried at the hands of his wife's brothers, and the heroic death of Brunnhilde, Wagner closes the story. His sources, however, carry it much farther. After some time has elapsed, Siegfried's widow is persuaded to marry again, and her second husband is none other than Attila, king of the Huns. The main events of this second part of the story are the visit of Siegfried's murderers to the court of their sister and her husband, and their death there in a quarrel which arises between them and the Huns. This is the bare outline of the legend which forms the basis of three principal versions, in Scandinavian, High German, and

Low German. But in these versions names, motives, atmosphere, and even events are so different that there is correspondence between them only in the main points.

And in the conception of the character of Attila, as his saga travelled throughout Europe, there came many alterations. His nature changes from that of a mild, kindly king to that of a cruel, greedy, and vengeful tyrant. His actual personality was altered and overlaid with embroidery of various designs and colors; but before going on to consider in detail the different threads of this embroidery, it may be well to look for a moment at the original pattern. Who was the historic Attila? What were his origin, his achievements, his character?

We have no actual knowledge of the Huns before their first inroad into Europe in 376 A.D. Deguignes, in his *Histoire des Huns*, advances the interesting, but not generally accepted theory that the Huns were identical with the Hiong-nu, a tribe of central Asia, whose attacks caused the Chinese emperor, Che-Hwang-te, in 258 B.C., to complete the Great Wall of China. Jordanes, a sixth century historian, tells us that the witches driven out by the Gothic king Filimir, and certain unclean spirits whom they met in their subsequent wanderings, became the parents of a "savage race, who dwelt at first in the swamps, a stunted, foul, and puny tribe, scarcely human and having no language save one which bore but slight resemblance to human speech." This race lived in Maeotis, hunting and plundering, till they were led across the Maeotic swamp by a dove sent, according to tradition, by evil spirits. Under their King Balamber they conquered far and wide, overcoming as much by the horror of their appearance as by their military prowess.

Ammianus Marcellinus gives a graphic description of the Huns, whom he localizes as "living beyond the Sea of Azov on the borders of the Frozen Ocean." They were savage beyond all parallel, strong and large though short-legged, with their faces scarred by deep incisions made in boyhood; they were uncivilized, living on roots and half-raw meat and dwelling in the open air, and were expert horsemen. Treacherous and inconstant, they were without respect for religion

or superstition, and were irascible and immoderately covetous of gold, a characteristic which the Attila of history and saga inherited in full measure.

At their first inroad into Europe in 376, they came into conflict with the Ostrogoths under their king Ermanaric. Finally they came into direct contact with the Roman Empire, and emboldened by their success in driving back the barbarians, they treated both emperors with unparalleled insolence. In 433 Attila succeeded his uncle on the throne. At first he ruled jointly with his brother Bleda, but he soon charged him with treason, had him assassinated, and took the full power into his own hands. He surpassed even his uncle in the insolence of his demands, but Theodosius, who was a "peace-at-any-price" emperor, and Valentinian submitted without a struggle.

When Attila finally decided to make a direct attack on the Eastern Empire, however, he found that Marcian had succeeded Theodosius and was prepared to defy him. He therefore turned to the west, and having formed an alliance with the Vandals, he crossed the Rhine at Coblenz and marched upon Orleans. The siege of this city was raised by the arrival of the Roman legions, who pursued the retreating Huns and finally overtook them at Chalons. There Attila was defeated, but he escaped across the Rhine and hid in the forests of Germany.

In the winter of 451-452, he returned, determined to attack directly the seat of the Empire. Terror-stricken at his approach, the Romans sent their pope, Leo the Great, to intercept him. Leo met him near Mantua, and in some way persuaded him to retreat and evacuate the entire Empire. Attila is reported to have said that he saw in the sky above the Pope's head the figures of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, a vision which caused him to yield.

Whatever the real causes of Attila's retreat, Italy was saved. But inasmuch as he considered pillage and devastation as the real objects of war, the Hun returned home as a conqueror and was welcomed with a great feast and much rejoicing. He celebrated by taking another wife. Jordanes tells the story of his last marriage and death. "Shortly before

he died, as the historian Priscus relates, he took in marriage a very beautiful girl named Ildiko, after countless other wives, as was the custom of his race. He had given himself up to excessive joy at his wedding, and as he lay on his back, heavy with wine and sleep, a rush of superfluous blood, which would have ordinarily flowed from his nose, streamed in deadly course down his throat and killed him . . . Thus did drunkenness put a disgraceful end to a king renowned in war. On the following day, when a great part of the morning was spent, the royal attendants suspected some ill, and, after a great uproar, broke in the doors. There they found Attila dead from an effusion of blood, without any wound, and the girl with downcast face weeping behind her veil." The bride was naturally suspected, and even in Comes Marcellinus, a contemporary of Jordanes, we find the statement, "Attila was killed in the night by a knife in the hand of a woman. Some say, however, that he died of a hemorrhage." It was not long before both historians and writers of saga reported that Ildiko killed Attila in vengeance for the death of her brothers. For in 437, as Prosper Aquitanus relates in his Chronicle, Gundicarius, king of the Burgundians, fell in battle with the Huns, and all his family and people were wiped out. Attila was not in this battle, but the slaughter of the Burgundians at the hands of the Huns furnished a plausible motive for his death.

Attila's people mourned his death after their fashion and gave him a splendid burial. Around his body as it lay in state rode the best horsemen of the Huns, singing a funeral dirge which celebrated his marvelous deeds. After giving way to grief and revelry in turn, they buried him secretly at night, binding his coffin with gold, silver, and iron, "gold and silver because he received the honors of both Empires, iron because he subdued the nations." They buried much rich plunder with him, and then, to avoid the possibility of theft, slew those who had done the work.

Of Attila's personal appearance we have no contemporary record. But Jordanes, writing in the sixth century, is probably indebted for the details in his picture of the king and his surroundings to Priscus the Sophist, who, acting as Secretary

to one of the Roman embassies, spent some days at Attila's court, somewhere in the center of Hungary. He tells us that "he was proud in gait and darted his glances here and there, showing from his very movements the power of his body. He was short, broad-chested, with a large head and small eyes, a scanty beard sprinkled with white, a flat nose, and a swarthy complexion which showed his origin." The expression of his face seems to have been uniformly grave and saturnine. He alone of all the company at a feast given in honor of the Roman ambassador failed even to smile at the antics of his dwarf. His countenance relaxed into tenderness only at the sight of his youngest son, Ernak, who was the darling of his father's heart, and received many caresses. He was temperate in eating and drinking, preferring only meat, although he served his guests with sumptuous and luxurious repasts. He was simple in his tastes and used only wooden dishes and cups, although those offered to his guests were of gold. And his dress was equally simple, "adorned with nothing except cleanliness." Neither his sword, nor the lacings of his boots, nor his horse's reins, were ornamented with gold or precious stones or other articles of value, though this was a Scythian custom. But his surroundings were more elegant than his personal attire. His palace, though only of wood, was large and spacious. The walls were made of beautifully polished planks, and the building was surmounted by towers. The apartments of Kerka, his chief wife at the time of Priscus' visit, were luxuriously fitted up with soft cushions and floor coverings, and the prime minister had a Roman bath built of stone from Pannonia.

Of his character Jordanes and Priscus have much to say, both directly and in telling anecdotes about him. "He was a lover of war," says the former, "but restrained his own hand; he was very powerful in counsel, gracious to suppliants, kindly to those who had once been received under his protection . . . He was a subtle man, and always fought with diplomacy before he waged war." In a letter to the Visigothic Theodoric, Valentinian wrote: "He seeks no pretexts for battle, but thinks whatever he does is legitimate. He measures his territory by the length of his reach, and satisfies his pride

by license; he despises right and law, and shows himself an enemy to everything." He was proud and arrogant, quick-tempered and covetous, boastful and ambitious, shrewd and crafty and cruel. "The impression left upon us by what history records of him," says Hodgkin, "is that of a gigantic bully, holding in his hands powers unequalled in the world for ravage and spoliation, by the mere threat of loosing which he extorts from trembling Caesars every concession which his insatiable avarice or his almost superhuman pride requires, and by the same terror compelling Ostrogoths and Gepidae, and other Germanic races far nobler than his own, to assist in drawing his triumphal chariot."

His superstition, as well as his self-confidence, is shown by his dependence on the power of the sword of Mars. Jordanes says: "And though his temper was such that he always had great self-confidence, yet his assurance was increased by finding the sword of Mars, always esteemed sacred among the kings of the Scythians. The historian Priscus says it was discovered under the following circumstances: 'When a certain shepherd beheld one heifer of his flock limping and could find no cause for this wound, he anxiously followed the trail of the blood and at length came to a sword it had unwittingly trampled while nibbling the grass. He dug it up and took it straight to Attila. He rejoiced at this gift, and being ambitious, thought that he had been appointed ruler of the whole world, and through the sword of Mars supremacy in all wars was assured to him.' " *Gott* was his ally.

After the death of Attila, his numerous sons with much quarreling divided the kingdom among themselves. Finally the Goths revolted, and in 454 on the banks of the Nedao defeated the Huns. There were some later attempts to reconquer the Goths, but they were all failures, and the descendants of Ermanaric's brother soon drove the Huns "so ingloriously from their own land, that those who remained have been in dread of the arms of the Goths from that time down to the present day."

The man who was responsible for this final repulse of the Huns was Walamer, brother of Theodemer. On the day

on which the news of the battle of Nedao was brought to Theodemer, so the story goes, a son was born to him. This son was Theodoric the Great, famous in saga as Thidrek or Dietrich von Bern. About him grew up a large body of stories, in which, with utter disregard for chronological accuracy, he was represented as living at the court of Attila, who died before he was born, and he had fled thence for protection because of the cruelty of his uncle Ermanaric, king of Rome, who lived fully a century before him!

This great mass of story is gathered into one prose narrative which attempts a chronological arrangement of the material. This is the *Thidrekssaga*, or, as it is sometimes called, the *Wilkinasaga*, written in Norway about 1250, but based on Low German material. It contains the fullest account of the fortunes of Attila, being the only one of the versions which tells of the events of his life before his marriage with Siegfried's widow.

According to this version, Attila was the son of the king of Frisland. When he was twelve years old, he was appointed an officer in his father's army, and he made many expeditions into the territory of Melias, king of the Huns. When Melias died, Attila called an assembly of the people, explained to them that the Hunnish throne was his by right of conquest, and had himself crowned king.

This young man, a Hun not by birth, but by adoption, was a person of great decision and force of character. From his earliest youth he was distinguished for strength and bravery, and, like the historic Attila, for his skill in horsemanship. He had a "liberal mind, endowed with the gifts of wisdom," and was capable of determination and persistence. He often displayed royal kindness and generosity toward the many knights who gathered at his court, and, in short, seems to have had but one vice, an inordinate greed for the possessions of others.

Shortly after his accession to the throne of the Huns, Attila determined to marry Erka, the daughter of his enemy, Osantrix. On the rather difficult mission of asking for her hand he sent the youth Osid, who, according to Germanic custom, was being brought up at his uncle's court. Osantrix

received the ambassador with kindness and honor, but firmly refused the proposal in view of the hostile relations between himself and Attila. Osid returned to his uncle with nothing but reports of the beauty of Erka and her sister Berta. But Attila was not discouraged. He next sent the Margrave Rudolph, with equipment and retinue of the greatest magnificence, and with threats of war if Osantrix did not comply. But Osantrix was not to be forced into any such alliance. He loaded the royal emissary with gifts, but refused to consider the king of the Huns as his son-in-law. Thereupon Attila carried out his threats, collected an army, and made war upon him, but was worsted in the encounter and forced to return home. But if Erka was not to be won by force, she was to be won by craft. Rudolph in disguise went to the court of Osantrix, gained access to Erka, and revealed to her and her sister his true name and the purpose of his visit. Finally he persuaded the maidens to flee with him. But the father discovered their escape, pursued and overtook them. A battle ensued in which Osantrix was victorious, until Attila arrived with reinforcements. Then the tide turned, Osantrix was compelled to flee, and Attila went home with his bride. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, and at the same time Rudolph was married to Berta. This Erka is the Kerka of history. She was an excellent and generous queen, much beloved by the people, and seems to have had great influence with her husband. At her death she was greatly lamented by all the Huns. Upon her deathbed she urged Attila to marry again, but warned him to beware of any alliance with the Niflungs, the house of Aldrian.

The *Thidrekssaga* gives very little direct description of Attila's palace or surroundings. The picture of his court is given in chance phrases here and there about the magnificence of his marriage, with its sumptuous feast "according to the ancestral custom of the country," the enormous wealth which Attila gained after taking the Hunnish throne, the splendor of the equipment of his ambassadors. There is one detailed description of the elaborate feast given by Attila to the Niflungs, which corresponds closely to the account of a similar feast in honor of the Roman ambassador which is recorded

by Priscus, save that Attila in his character of a genial and not a saturnine monarch, seems to have entered heartily into the revelry, which lasted far into the night.

Many chapters in the *Thidrekssaga* are occupied with an account of the knights and princes from many lands who had gathered at Attila's court. Chief among those who fought his battles was Theodoric or Thidrek, the hero of the saga. Upon the death of his father he had ascended the throne of Verona or Bern, and had formed an alliance with Attila. When Thidrek's uncle, Ermenric, "king of Rome," drove him out of Bern, Attila had regarded his former treaty with the uncle as "a scrap of paper," and had offered the nephew a refuge at his court.

Another member of Attila's court was Ermenric's young kinsman, Walther, who eloped with Hildegund, a Greek hostage. There is no historical basis for this story save that we hear in general of captive children reared at Attila's court, and of fair ladies stolen thence. But the saga was evidently a well-known and popular one. There are references to it in the *Nibelungenlied*, but these point, not to the version in the *Thidrekssaga*, but to the form of the story given in the Latin epic *Waltharius*, the work of a monk of St. Gall of the tenth century. Though differing in many details, this version also represents Attila as a very gracious king, who showed great kindness toward Waltharius and Hildegund, and gave orders that they be brought up as if they were his own children.

Had Attila obeyed his wife's dying injunction, he might have fared better. For some time after the loss of the gentle Erka, says the *Thidrekssaga*, he lived alone. But when he heard of the death of Sigurd, who had served at one time under Thidrek's banner, and of the beauty and noble character of his widow Grimhild, he forgot or disregarded Erka's warning against an alliance with the Niflungs or Aldriani, and determined to marry her. He sent his former matrimonial ambassador, Osid, who this time was more successful. He was kindly received by Gunnar, Gernoz, Gissler, and Hogni, the sons of Aldrian; and Grimhild, their sister, though with some reluctance, consented to marry Attila. Osid returned

to fetch the bridegroom, and the marriage was celebrated with great magnificence. Many presents were bestowed upon Attila, among them Sigurd's horse, Grani. The newly-married couple returned home, but the alliance was not a happy one, for we are told that Grimhild never ceased to weep each day for Sigurd.

After seven years of mourning, Grimhild determined upon revenge for the death of Sigurd. She urged Attila to invite her brothers to a ceremonial feast. Knowing his avaricious nature, she told him of the hoard of treasure which had been Sigurd's and which her brothers now possessed, and Attila readily consented to welcome them. To the letters of invitation, Grimhild added that Attila was now growing so old that the cares of the kingdom weighed heavily upon him, and in view of the fact that his son was too young to reign, he wished Gunnar and his brethren to take the royal duties from his shoulders. The message was received with various feelings. Hogni feared Grimhild's vengeful spirit; the queen-mother had foreboding dreams, and urged her sons not to go; but Gunnar, confident of gaining the kingdom of the Huns before his return, decided to accept the invitation.

After various adventures they arrived at Susat, Attila's capital, which has been identified with the modern Soest in Westphalia. Grimhild welcomed them with affectionate greetings; Attila had prepared a great feast for the strangers, and everyone seemed kindly-disposed toward them. But the next day Thidrek, knowing the queen's intentions, warned Hogni, telling him that she had never ceased to weep for Sigurd.

Grimhild needed some champion to avenge her wrongs upon her brothers, and she appealed first, but without success, to Thidrek, then to Blodlin, Attila's brother. When he refused because he feared Attila's anger, she appealed to her husband himself, urging upon him the possibility of gaining possession of the Niflung land and hoard. But in spite of this powerful incentive, Attila refused to violate the laws of hospitality. The day wore on, with growing hostility and suspicion on both sides, Attila rather aimlessly endeavoring to avoid a break. That night another feast was given, and just before

it Grimhild succeeded in bribing a retainer to start a fight between the Huns and the Niflungs in the servant's hall. She then laid her plans for the beginning of the quarrel among the princes. Calling her little son to her, she bade him go and strike Hogni in the face. This he did with all his childish strength, whereupon Hogni cut off his head and threw it in Grimhild's lap.

With this provocation even Attila could no longer refrain from calling his men to arms. Standing on a raised place he directed his followers to the attack. The battle continued for two days, with the exhibition of much bravery on both sides, although on the second day Attila did not appear. Gunnar was taken prisoner and thrown into a snake-tower where he met his death. Blodlin, Gernoz, and Gissler were slain, one after the other. With great cruelty Grimhild tested the death of her two brothers by plunging a burning brand down their throats. Thidrek, who had at first withdrawn from the fray, reported this barbarity to Attila, at which the monarch admitted that his wife was instigated by the furies and deserved death, and told Thidrek that it would have been a good deed to have killed her seven years before. Thidrek, taking him at his word, slew Grimhild. Hogni too was mortally wounded, and died after giving to his mistress the keys of the cave in which the hoard was concealed, with the injunction that she keep them for their unborn son. Of all the heroes, only Attila, Thidrek, and Hildebrand, one of Thidrek's men, were left alive. One thousand Niflungs fell and four hundred Huns and Amelungs. "And thus," comments the saga-writer, "was Erka's prophecy fulfilled. There are many old songs about it, and the hall named after the Niflungs still stands there."

After this catastrophe, the forlorn old king of the Huns lived a solitary and uneventful life. When Aldrian, the son of Hogni, grew up, he told Attila that he could show him the Niflung hoard if he would go with him alone. So Attila, with whom avarice was still the dominant motive, rode away with him, in spite of the protests of his attendants. Aldrian brought his companion to the cave of which his mother had given him the keys, and displayed the treasure, at which the

king gazed with greedy delight. But as he stood thus absorbed, Aldrian slipped out of the cave, locked the three doors after him, and with a final taunt departed. With what emotions Attila accepted the situation the author leaves his readers to imagine, except that he records the monarch's realization that Aldrian was thus avenging his father and all the Niflungs. After three days Aldrian returned. Attila, still able to speak, though exhausted by hunger and thirst, promised Aldrian all the hoard and much treasure beside if he would release him. But Aldrian refused, and in answer to a plea for food and drink, replied, "You wanted the treasure before; now you are its sole possessor. You may drink gold and silver, for which you have thirsted so long." And heaping stones against the doors to make escape impossible, he went back to the Niflung land, leaving the great king of the Huns to die a miserable death,—a death different from that of the historic Attila, but no more glorious.

Such is the Low German version of the story of Attila. There are a number of High German lays which treat chiefly of Dietrich von Bern, and incidentally of the great Etzel, as Attila is called in the High German poems, at whose court he stayed when in exile. Chief among these are *Dietrichs Flucht* and the *Ravennaschlacht*, which were based on older epics, and were put into their present form about the end of the thirteenth century by an Austrian minstrel, Heinrich der Vogler. The first of these, as the name implies, tells of Dietrich's gracious reception at the court of Etzel, and the second of the events connected with the battle of Ravenna. In these poems Attila is a great and powerful king, surrounded by many knights and warriors, in whom he inspires the feelings of reverence and loyalty. In *Etzels Hofhaltung* is a picture of his court as a refuge for distressed maidens, one of whom comes there to seek a champion against a dreadful monster.

But the greatest Middle High German epic in which Attila appears is the *Nibelungenlied*, which was composed in Austria, then part of Germany, about 1200. It says nothing of Attila's career before his marriage with Kriemhild, the name used in this version for the Grimhild of the Low German. It merely bears testimony to the noble character of Helche, the

Erka of the *Thidrekssaga*, and to the grief over her death felt by husband and subjects alike. The first mention of Etzel's name is in the Twentieth Adventure: "It was in the days when Queen Helche died, and King Etzel wooed for another woman, that his friends commended to him a proud widow in the land of Burgundy that hight Queen Kriemhild."* Etzel, though doubtful whether a Christian princess would wed a heathen prince, sent one of his nobles to woo her for him. The story here is much the same as in the *Thidrekssaga*. Kriemhild refused at first, saying that she never could love another man, but finally yielded when the messenger promised her that all her wrongs would be avenged.

After seven years the Burgundians were invited to Etzelburc. The narrative of the adventures on the journey, the reception by the king and queen, the starting of the fight, the slaying of the heroes, is in the main similar to that in the *Thidrekssaga*, although there are variations in detail, and there is no account here of the death of Attila. The chief difference lies in the attitude and character of Etzel. Attila in the *Thidrekssaga* was motivated in his invitation to his brothers-in-law by a desire to get possession of the hoard, but Etzel in the *Nibelungenlied* had no purpose save the friendly one of welcoming his wife's kinsmen and giving her pleasure. Attila knew of his wife's plan, though he was powerless to interfere; but "none had told Etzel how it stood, else he had hindered what afterward befell."

Hodgkin calls Etzel a "genially vapid" king, and so he is for the most part. Gentle, mild, retiring, and weak, he steps into the background of the story to make way for his queen, who has degenerated into a fiend incarnate. He stands by and watches the general slaughter, wringing his hands and weeping; and "the sound of his lamentation was as a lion's roar." Yet the poet endeavors to rescue him from absolute nonentity. The king is greatly beloved by his knights, and his hospitality and noble and generous treatment of them are exceptional. The man who bears to Kriemhild Etzel's offer of marriage, says to her, "One of the best men that

* Translated by Margaret Armour, London, 1897.

ever ruled a king's land with honor, or wore a crown, hath sent hither to sue for thy love." At times during the fight he asserts his kingly dignity and authority. When the Burgundian minstrel, Volker, kills a man in the tournament, Etzel interposes to save him from the vengeance of the Huns, saying, "Ye would have me fail in honor toward these knights! If ye had slain this minstrel, I tell you I would have hanged you all." When Hagen insulted him, "the king was angry and would gladly have fallen on Hagen but that honor forbade him." And when Volker and Hagen taunt him with cowardice, Etzel grasps his shield and will stop for no warnings, but has to be dragged back by his shield-thong; for he is brave, "the which is rare enow among great princes today."

Etzel's insistence upon honor shows that not only the influence of Christianity but the ideals and customs of chivalry had made a marked impression upon this poem, and affected both the portrayal of character and the description of the court life. Etzel and his surroundings bear little resemblance to those of historic record and have no close relationship to the half-civilized king of the *Thidrekssaga* and his throng of loyal knights. Instead of a barbaric ruler whose chief aims are conquest and the gratification of his avarice and ambition, we find a gentle, courtly monarch, a pagan to be sure, but possessed of many Christian virtues, and most friendly to the Christians who live in amity with the heathen at his court. And indeed he is almost a Christian, for Kriemhild is told that Etzel has been christened and has turned again, and perhaps will be won back to God if she marries him. The Christian and chivalric influences are more marked on the early events of the story than on those more primitively barbaric scenes that take place in Etzel's palace. But even there, especially in the portrayal of Etzel's character, the detailed descriptions of clothing, the introduction of the tournament, and the general air of elaborate ceremony that pervades the whole story, we find their traces.

Most picturesque of all the accounts, and nearest in spirit to history, is that of the Icelandic version. This is preserved in certain lays of the *Poetic Edda*, composed between 850 and 1150, and also in the *Völsungasaga*, a connected prose

narrative, dating from about 1260. In many of the lays there are mere references to the circumstances connected with the marriage of Atli and Gudrun, as the Hun and his bride are here named, and the story is on the whole fragmentary and disjointed. The events as related in the *Völsungasaga* are fairly well connected, and agree in general with those in the Eddic poems, for the prose saga was evidently founded on some of the lays which have survived as well as on others that are lost.

The main outlines of the story, the marriage of Gudrun and Atli, the invitation to Gudrun's brothers and their death at Atli's court, are the same as in the southern version. But motives, characters, atmosphere, and outcome are very different. While the present form of the story in the Eddic lays is considerably earlier than that in either the *Thidrekssaga* or the *Nibelungenlied*, all the evidence points to the fact that the Sigurd story originated on the continent, near the Rhine. It was taken up by the Scandinavians, according to the speculations of some scholars, as early as the eighth century. They added to it many features peculiar to themselves, and dropped certain portions, processes which resulted in a not very consistent whole. The inconsistencies, however, do not affect the Attila saga as much as they do the earlier part, save that the connection between it and the Burgundian saga is rather loose, the revenge motive being dropped, and the desire for gold playing an important part. A notable shift, due to different social conditions, is found in the fact that here the feeling which influences the acts of Attila's queen is devotion to her kin, while in the southern version it is devotion to her dead husband.

In this northern version, which we may learn by following in the main the *Völsungasaga*, with corrections and additions from the Eddic poems, Atli is the brother of Brynhild, a relationship which is a purely Scandinavian addition to the story. In one of the earlier chapters of the *Völsungasaga* is given what is, curiously enough, the only description in saga of the personal appearance of Attila: "Atli was a fierce man and grim, great and black to look on, yet noble of mien

withal."* The promise of this description is fulfilled in the course of the story. This "fierce man and grim" delights in battle and slaughter. He is responsible for the death of some of his brothers, a circumstance which probably echoes the tradition that the historic Attila assassinated his brother Bleda. And there are references to old hostility between the houses of Gudrun and Atli before their marriage. Gunnar and his brothers slew Atli's uncle, and Gudrun charged Atli with the murder of her mother. This ancient feud laid the foundation for the final struggle in Atli's palace.

After Sigurd's death, Gudrun stayed for a time at the court of King Alf of Denmark. Thither came her brothers, seeking to atone to her for their murder of her husband. By means of a drink of forgetfulness old wrongs were wiped out and friendly relations insured, and Gudrun was finally persuaded, though much against her will, to marry Atli. She was taken to Atli's palace, journeying "four days a-riding, and other four a-shipboard, and yet four more again by land and road, till they came to a certain high-built hall." There a great feast was made, and the marriage was celebrated, "but never did her heart laugh on him, and little sweet and kind was their life together." Atli's attitude is clearly expressed in his words to Gudrun some years after their wedding: "I made a hard match—it cannot be gainsaid—thou woeful woman. I have little comfort from thee. I have never had rest since thou camest into my hands."

Yet Atli's character may have been partially responsible for this trouble. For he resembled quite closely his historical prototype in many ways: in his pride, his barbarous cruelty and bloodthirstiness, his hot temper, his treacherous conduct, and his greed for gold. The Atli of the *Völsungasaga* forms the strongest possible contrast with the Etzel of the *Nibelungenlied*, and resembles the Attila of the *Thidrekssaga* mainly in his avarice.

It was greed for gold which furnished the motive for the events following his marriage. Gudrun had completely forgotten all the wrongs she had suffered at the hands of her

* Translated by Magnusson and Morris, London, 1888.

brothers. But Atli thought of the hoard which had been Sigurd's, and decided upon a plan to get possession of it. He sent a messenger to invite Gunnar and Hogni to a feast. And in spite of foreboding dreams which appeared to their wives, and a warning sent by Gudrun, Gunnar and Hogni, allured by Atli's promises of the Hunnish kingdom at his death, set out for Atli's palace.

When they arrived at the burg of Atli, they found the gates closed. Hogni forced his way in and met Atli and his men at the door of the hall, or, as the story is told in one of the lays, inside the hall. Atli immediately demanded that they reveal to him the place where the hoard was hidden and give him possession of it. Gunnar and Hogni straightway refused and a battle ensued. There was no delay here, no ceremonious reception and lavish feast, no pretense of friendship; they came to blows at once. Gudrun, hearing the struggle, ran out, and finding vain all efforts to stop the combat, "does on her mail-coat and takes to her a sword, and fights by her brethren, and goes as far forward as the bravest of man-folk." And she "smote Atli's brother, . . . she shaped her stroke so that she smote off his foot, and struck the other so that he never rose again, sending him to hell." After much fierce fighting, all Gunnar's men fell. He and Hogni were taken prisoners, and soon met cruel deaths. Hogni's heart was cut out of his living body, and Gunnar was cast into a "worm-close," where he was stung to death by a snake, which was really Atli's witch-mother. Yet to the end they kept safe from Atli the secret of the place where the hoard was hidden. So was fulfilled the prophecy of Gudrun, who said of Atli,

This king shall bid Gunnar
Be stung to his bane,
And shall cut the heart
From out of Hogni.

In this version of the story, Gudrun was the champion of her kindred against her husband, and after the death of her brothers her strongest desire was for vengeance on Atli. But to gain her end she soon gave up all outward signs of

enmity and "made herself sweet of speech," suggesting that they hold a funeral feast for the dead on both sides. At the feast her revenge began, and her reply when Atli asked for his two young sons revealed the nature of that beginning. "Thou hast lost thy sons," she said, "and their heads are become beakers on the board here, and thou thyself hast drunken the blood of them blended with wine."

After this unnatural deed her next step was to plot with Hogni's son the death of her husband. One night they entered his chamber and stabbed him as he lay asleep. In the words of one of the Eddic lays,

Atli unaware
Was a-weary with drink;
No weapon had he,
No heeding of Gudrun . . .
To the bed with the sword-point
Blood gave she to drink,
With a hand fain of death,
And she let the dogs loose:
Then in from the hall-door—
Up waked the house-carls—
Hot brands she cast,
Got revenge for her brethren.

But before she set fire to the hall, Atli awoke and discovered who it was who had stabbed him. And so, in the huge funeral-pyre of his own flaming palace, "Atli the king and all his folk ended their life-days." But Gudrun cast herself into the sea, and finally came to the land of King Jonakr, whom she married.

There are a few other references in saga to Attila and the Huns, but they are comparatively unimportant. The *Hervarar-saga* and the verse lay of Hloth and Angantyr record the great ten-days battle at Dunheath between the Goths and the Huns, the latter being under the leadership, however, of Humli, not Atli. And there are two brief references in the Anglo-Saxon poem *Widsith*.

Of little value in any attempt to reconstruct the story are the Danish and Faroe ballads. But they are of interest in showing how the material spread and ran out. The Faroe *Song of Hogni* tells how Hogni, son of Hogni, locked both

Grimhild and Attila in the cave with the hoard and let them starve to death. The three Danish ballads dealing with *Grimild's Revenge* tell of the coming of Gunther, Hogen, and their companions to the Whenish land, and of Grimild's death in the cave. Attila, however, does not appear in this story, nor in a similar account given in the *Haven Chronicle*. In the person of the hero of *Sir Loumor, or the Vengeance of Blood*, we recognize Attila, though his name is changed. The promise of the title is fulfilled in the ballad, for it is a gruesome and bloody tale, surpassing even the Eddic poems in this respect and lacking their epic dignity. Sir Loumor, a cruel and bloodthirsty knight, married against her wishes the fair Signild, whose father he had murdered. After eight years her seven brothers were invited to visit them, and Sir Loumor killed them all and offered his wife a goblet filled with their blood. After another eight years she had her revenge, and slew her husband's brothers and sisters. Then, having first offered him a goblet filled with their blood, she killed him in his bed. This has an obvious connection with the Scandinavian version of the death of Attila, to whom his wife gave the blood of their sons to drink before she executed vengeance for the murder of her kindred, by slaying him as he lay asleep. And here, too, both of these northern versions find their closest connecting link with history in their similarity to the tradition of Ildiko, the last wife of the historic Attila.

The growth of the Attila saga and its connection with that of the Burgundians can be at least conjectured. The evidence goes to show that the events of the year 451 probably gave rise to a cycle of songs about the exploits of the great king of the Huns. We have preserved for us in Jordanes' account the substance of the song which was sung at his funeral, and doubtless there were many others which had for their themes the prowess and glory of the "terror of the world." The popularity of the Siegfried story, which originated among the ranks and was spreading to England and Scandinavia, as well as into Austria and Bavaria, naturally led to the combination with the saga of another great hero. And the combination probably took place somewhat in this manner: When

the blame of Attila's sudden death came to be laid upon his young bride Ildiko or Hildiko, a motive for her crime was sought and found in revenge for the murder of her kinsmen by Attila. Some writers say that it was the death of her father that she was avenging, a version echoed in part by the Danish ballad of Sir Loumor; but as the story of the annihilation of the Burgundians by the Huns came to be associated with Attila, there came a change in the saga, making the bride the sister of the Burgundian kings. Thus Hildiko became identified with Kriemhild, the wife of Siegfried, because of the similarity of their names and the confusion due to the common Germanic habit of using the abbreviation "Hild." So the two stories were united, and the open-air battle with the Burgundians was transferred to the hall of Attila, for in Germanic story the "fight in the hall" is almost an essential episode.

The differences in the character of Attila are sufficiently easy to understand if we consider the places in which the various versions of the story grew up. In the memory of the Thuringians, the Ostrogoths, and the other tribes which fought under his banner, Attila would naturally remain the wise, kindly, hospitable monarch, the patron of knights like Dietrich von Bern, the refuge of all exiled heroes, truly the "little father," as his name implies. And so he is pictured in the *Nibelungenlied* and the *Thidrekssaga*. But to the Franks and the Burgundians, from whom the story spread to Scandinavia, he would always appear the grim, covetous, terrible tyrant. And so in the northern versions he is the cruel Atli, the "tempestuous, raging one," a name which is applied as a title even to the war-god, Thor. Even so to the future writer in Germany or Austria, Wilhelm II will be the gracious monarch, grieved, like Etzel, at a war for which he was not responsible, a martyr, locked by his enemies in a cave to die. To writers of the Allied nations, he will be, like Atli, the treacherous instigator of an unprovoked attack, an ambitious tyrant meeting a just death at the hand of one whose kindred he had murdered, amid the flaming ruins of his own house.

The Literary Status of Mark Twain, 1877-1890

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In the realm of pure literature perhaps the most representative American author of the eighties was Mark Twain. This is an amazingly bold statement, for during the halcyon eighties the field of American literature was by no means barren. That decade boasted such celebrities as Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Whitman, Howells, and Harte. But Whittier had long ago sung his fiery song of Abolition and had ceased to have a message of great consequence. Holmes, a charming writer of society verse and occasional poems, a cultivated satirist, and a producer of thoughtful novels with a medical flavor, bore about as vital a relation to the great American masses as a dinner at the University Club bears to a rush-hour lunch at Childs'. Lowell, distinguished and venerable diplomat, had turned largely from the creative to the critical, from "Bigelow" to a scholarly consideration of the Elizabethan dramatics. Whitman was, paradoxically enough, the singer of the proletariat and the exclusive property of the high-brow. Howells was a youngish man, just coming into his own. Harte was the delineator of a very limited group, the rough characters of the far western mining-camps. Mark Twain, on the other hand, was the one big interpreter of the broad Mississippi Valley. And if one reflects upon the truth of the old saying that Kankakee and Ottumwa are more typically American than New York and Philadelphia, one is likely to agree that the Mississippi Valley was, thirty or forty years ago, the representative American section.

Even the most superficial glance at Mark Twain as he was in the eighties reveals the fact that he was a tremendously popular writer. Mr. John Macy is probably not exaggerating when he declares: "Mark Twain was the most successful man of letters of his time."¹ Beyond the shadow of a doubt,

¹ Macy, *Spirit of Amer. Lit.*, p. 249.

he was one of the most successful. This fact may be established in a variety of ways.

Take, for instance, the sales of his books. As international copyright did not exist until 1891, it is rather difficult to get accurate data on the sales of books prior to that year. Nevertheless, I have succeeded in assembling a few significant facts. Mark Twain's biographer, Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, is authority for the statement that *Huckleberry Finn*, which was published late in 1884, reached a sale of fifty thousand copies within a few weeks.² *The Prince and the Pauper* (1882) was "well received."³ *Life on the Mississippi* (1883) was "a successful book," especially abroad.⁴ And Mark Twain's British publishers, Chatto & Windus, are said to have paid him nearly \$40,000 for the sale of his books in England.⁵ Meanwhile several pirated editions, of which no definite figures are obtainable, were appearing both in Great Britain and in Canada.⁶

In this connection, we must not lose sight of the fact that in the late seventies and throughout the eighties, Mark Twain's works were being translated into the leading Continental European languages. In Germany, for example, there appeared the edition of M. Busch (Leipzig, 1877);⁷ and in France the translations of Paul Largiliere (1883) and W. L. Hughes (1884-6).⁸

Another evidence of Mark Twain's popularity in the eighties is to be found in the numerous and generally favorable reviews appearing in the periodicals of the time. Space forbids consideration of many of these. We may, however, pause long enough to note that when *Tom Sawyer* first appeared, the late William Dean Howells gave it a two-column notice in the *Atlantic Monthly*, hailing it as "a wonderful story of the boy-mind," and pronouncing it "very dramatically wrought."⁹ Other notably favorable reviews of

² Paine, *Mark Twain*, II, 793.

³ Paine, *Mark Twain*, II, 711.

⁴ Paine, *Mark Twain*, II, 745 et seq.

⁵ *Critic*, X, 158.

⁶ *Nation*, XCI, 260.

⁷ Meyers, *Konversations-Lexikon*, IV, 189.

⁸ *Dictionnaire International*, I, 643.

⁹ *Atlantic Monthly*, XXXVII, 621.

Mark Twain's books of this period are to be found in the *Nation*,¹⁰ the *Critic*,¹¹ the *Athenaeum*,¹² and the *Academy*.¹³

Meanwhile, of course, there were some derogatory notices. For instance, a writer in the *Critic* for 1882 expresses his disapproval thus: "Such a wild extravaganza as *The Stolen White Elephant* . . . seems, from our point of view, to have small excuse for being, although we can, by an effort of imagination, conceive of minds so constituted as to enjoy it."¹⁴ In a similar connection, Mr. Paine makes the following observation: "'The Yankee in King Arthur's Court' not only offended the English nation, but much of it offended the better taste of Mark Twain's own countrymen."¹⁵ And we of the present generation are both astonished and amused when we read this excerpt from the generally sane *Springfield Republican* of March 28, 1885: "The Concord public library committee deserves well of the public by their action in banishing Mark Twain's new book, 'Huckleberry Finn,' on the ground that it is trashy and vicious. It is time that this influential pseudonym should cease to carry into homes and libraries unworthy productions. Mr. Clemens is a genuine and powerful humorist, . . . but . . . he has no reliable sense of propriety . . . They ('Tom Sawyer' and 'Huckleberry Finn') are no better in tone than the dime novels which flood the blood-and-thunder reading population. Mr. Clemens has made them smarter, . . . and his literary skill is, of course, superior; but their moral level is low, and their perusal cannot be anything less than harmful."¹⁶

The above notices, however, except as regards *The Yankee*, are far from typical of the best or most influential critical opinion of the eighties.

Another evidence of Mark Twain's popularity during or about the decade which we are considering is to be found in the size and enthusiasm of the audiences at his lectures and public readings. Specific citations would require more time

¹⁰ *Nation*, XXXV, 119; XXXVII, 192.

¹¹ *Critic*, VI, 155; XVI, 90.

¹² *Athenaeum*, No. 2901, p. 694.

¹³ *Academy*, XXIV, 58.

¹⁴ *Critic*, II, 163.

¹⁵ Paine, II, 891.

¹⁶ Quoted by *Critic*, VI, 155.

and space than I have at my disposal, but a study of Mr. Paine's index is indeed illuminating. Let me cite one incident: the home-coming banquet tendered General Grant at the Palmer House, Chicago, in November, 1879, immediately after the distinguished soldier's return from his world-tour. At this banquet, which was one of the biggest and most significant in the history of the metropolis of the West, there were some six hundred guests. Mark Twain acted as toast-master. When he arose to speak there was a "tornado" of applause.¹⁷

As a final evidence of Mark Twain's popularity, I mention his distinguished friends and patrons. Not only was he on intimate terms with several Presidents of the United States: he was courted by European royalty as well. The Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, received him with great cordiality;¹⁸ and Mr. William Hohenzollern, erstwhile German Emperor, once entertained him at dinner.¹⁹

How shall we account for the striking popularity of this simple, rather plebeian Westerner, who had neither inherited wealth, nor official position, nor academic honors? What were the particular forces which drew him into the limelight in the late seventies and the eighties?

In an attempt to answer these questions let us first consider for a moment his earlier career. Mark Twain—or, to use his real name, Samuel Langhorne Clemens—was born in 1835 in a sleepy Missouri village. Being of a venturesome nature, he had led a roving life, "roughing it" in the far West, knocking about Europe, and serving by turns as Confederate recruit, Mississippi River pilot, miner, journalist, lecturer, and professional humorist. His first literary work of note was *The Jumping Frog* (1867). Concerning this Mr. Paine says: "Papers printed and reprinted it, and it was translated into foreign tongues."²⁰ A much more conspicuous success was *Innocents Abroad* (1869), whose sales amounted in three years to almost one hundred thousand copies; and this in spite of the fact that the book sold for not less than \$3.50 a

¹⁷ Paine, II, 656.

¹⁸ Paine, II, 951.

¹⁹ Paine, II, 951.

²⁰ Twain, *Letters*, I, 7.

copy!²¹ Mark Twain's one other notable book prior to the late seventies was *The Gilded Age* (1873), whose immortal Colonel Sellers, "a colossal comic creation," at once delighted the public.²² It will thus be seen that long before the seventies began to wane, Mark Twain had an enviable reputation on which to build later successes.

A second reason for his prestige was hinted at in my opening paragraph; namely, that he was the representative writer of a large and thoroughly typical section of the country.

Before we consider either Clemens or his native section, however, let us pause to take an inventory of the eighties. This decade, as historians now generally agree, was one of singular happiness, contentment, and prosperity. The Civil War was over, and many of its animosities which had endured through the early and middle seventies were rapidly dying out. No panic disturbed the equanimity of the American people. Prices were low and wages relatively high. The telephone, the trolley, the phonograph, and numerous other inventions and improvements were adding to the comfort, convenience, and charm of life. It was clearly an age of humanism, an age when people had every reason to be interested in this world and its delights. An era of depression is likely to produce moralists like Milton and Bunyan, or cynics like Dryden and Pope. A period of exuberance, on the other hand, like the spacious Elizabethan times, will call forth a great humanist like Shakspere. The eighties in America were decidedly more Elizabethan than Jacobean or Cromwellian. This decade, therefore, demanded a writer who was intensely enthusiastic about human life; and, to be specific, human life in a section of the country upon which all eyes would most naturally be focused.

Now what shall we say of the Mississippi Valley as it was in the next to the last decade of the nineteenth century? In the great industrial centers of the East, the progress of invention was rapidly stimulating the growth of monopoly.

²¹ Twain, *Letters*, I, 10.

²² Macy, pp. 257-8.

Monopoly, in turn, was driving many small farmers and tradesmen out of positions—causing many a young man to heed Horace Greeley's advice and go West. Figures speak more convincingly than mere general statements. Between 1880 and 1890, the West Central states—Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, and the Dakotas—gained nearly fifty per cent in population, whereas the gain for the United States as a whole was slightly less than twenty-five per cent.²³ Typical Mississippi-Missouri Valley towns like Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, and St. Joseph were doubling, tripling, or quadrupling in population.²⁴ Doubtless more than one *blasé* Easterner was saying to some other *blasé* Easterner: "Let us read about that wonderful land beyond the Appalachians, across the Father of Waters—that land where you and I may be next year."

And who was the one man capable of depicting that land and its people most vividly, accurately, and charmingly? None other than Mark Twain! It was he who could draw the Mississippi with the correctness of a Baedeker, yet with the color and animation of a Balzac. It was he who could give with all their Western flavor the haunted house, the mysterious cave, the grave-yard (not *church-yard*) a mile and a half from town, the abortive attempt at body-snatching, the rough spirit of avenging crime without invoking law, the "speechifying" of Senator Benton, the noisy revival-meeting with its inevitable back-slidings, the sleepy grocery-boys with their tilted splint-bottomed chairs and piles of whittlings, the lordly river-pilots who could swear so impressively and so magnificently, the strange democracy of the whole social system. It was he who could make one hear the dull chug, the hoarse whistle, and the chiming bell of the river-boat, and know that they belonged to a craft on the Mississippi. It was he who could individualize and immortalize such familiar southwestern types as Injun Joe, Nigger Jim, and Finn the town drunkard.

Nor was Mark Twain a mere artist. He was a philosopher who could satirize most tellingly the foibles of his age, his

²³ *Abstract of Census*, pp. 22-24.

²⁴ *Encycl. Brit.*, XV, 662; XX, 98; XIII, 98; XXIV, 19.

country, and his native valley. Witness this keen and caustic indictment of the nineteenth-century, American, Western, rural spirit of irreverence: "A solemn hush fell upon the church, which was only broken by the tittering and whispering of the choir in the gallery. The choir always tittered and whispered all through service. There was once a church choir that was not ill-bred, but I have forgotten where it was, now. It was a great many years ago, and I can scarcely remember anything about it, but I think it was in some foreign country."²⁵ And note this castigation of American and frontier laxity of law-enforcement: "This funeral stopped the further growth of one thing—the petition to the governor for Injun Joe's pardon. The petition had been largely signed; many tearful and eloquent meetings had been held, and a committee of sappy women been appointed to go in deep mourning and wail around the governor, and implore him to be a merciful ass and trample his duty under foot. Injun Joe was believed to have killed five citizens of the village, but what of that? If he had been Satan himself there would have been plenty of weaklings ready to scribble their names to a pardon-petition, and drip a tear on it from their permanently impaired and leaky water-works."²⁶

I have said that Mark Twain must have owed much of his prestige to the vivid realism with which he depicted the life of his day and section. But his settings were not always either domestic or contemporary. For example, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889) has, of course, a British and mediaeval background. Yet the Mark Twain who wrote so convincingly about life on the Mississippi is just as truly manifest in this romantic travesty on Malory and Tennyson as in the more realistic *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. I think Clemens might better have entitled his romance *A Westerner in King Arthur's Court*, for his stinging satire against all forms of aristocracy and feudalism belongs to the frontier or the near-frontier more than to the Atlantic seaboard. Here again, indeed, we observe an out-

²⁵ Twain, *Tom Sawyer*, p. 48.

²⁶ Twain, *Tom Sawyer*, p. 297.

cropping of the breezy Westernism of the eighties. We may summarize this spirit in the apt words of Mr. Macy: "Mark Twain hated the lords of the earth."²⁷

In seeking to ascertain the cause of Mark Twain's great vogue in the eighties, I have not mentioned one element which many would place in the forefront: namely, his humor. My reason for slighting this is a feeling that as time goes on, his humor is considered relatively less and less important. In this connection, I am strongly impressed by the following statement by Howells: "All fashions change, and nothing more wholly and quickly than the fashion of fun . . . Mark Twain would pass with the conditions that made him intelligible, if he were not an artist of uncommon power as well as a humorist."²⁸ Certainly, however, Mark Twain's witticisms were intelligible to the people of the eighties; and these people, living in a well-fed, optimistic age, were in a mood for laughter—much the same mood as that which, three centuries earlier, possessed the original applauders of Dogberry, Falstaff, and Ralph Royster Doyster.

One characteristic of S. L. Clemens, the man, which must have won thousands of readers for Mark Twain, the author, was his lively interest in public men and public affairs. I have already mentioned his acting as toast-master at the big Grant banquet in 1879. In this connection, we may note also his presiding at a Hayes rally at Hartford during the campaign of 1876, his electioneering for Garfield in 1880, and his bolting Blaine and becoming a Mugwump in 1884.²⁹ More striking, however, than any of these facts is the following charming little incident related by Mr. Paine. It appears that during Cleveland's first administration there arose rumors that Frank Mason, American consul-general at Frankfurt and one of the most competent men in our diplomatic service, was to be recalled for political reasons. Clemens and his friends felt that Mason's recall would be a grave injustice, both to Mason and to the country. Clemens therefore wrote a letter to Baby Ruth Cleveland, setting forth the truth of

²⁷ Macy, p. 263.

²⁸ Howells, *My Mark Twain*, p. 143.

²⁹ Paine, II, 582, 694, 779.

the situation and begging her to use her influence with her father to prevent Mason's recall. In this case Cleveland proved to have as good a sense of humor and justice as Mark Twain; for the latter soon received a reply from little Miss Cleveland (per "G. C."), thanking him for his letter and assuring him that Mason would be retained.³⁰ Surely a great many American people of the eighties must have been deeply and favorably impressed with the fact that Clemens had the welfare of his country very much at heart.

It has been said that there are three classes of writers: those of high rank with a small audience; those of low rank with a large audience; and those of high rank with a large audience. In the first class we put such writers as Ibsen, George Meredith, and Henry James; in the second class, such writers as E. P. Roe, Mary J. Holmes, and Harold Bell Wright; and in the third class, such writers as Shakespeare, Dickens, and Tennyson. Mark Twain, so far as the eighties at least were concerned, belonged in the third class.

³⁰ Paine, II, 863.

Carlyle's Life of John Sterling

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To know the Victorians through their formal *opera* is merely to have scraped an acquaintance. Their friendship is for those who know them more casually and so more intimately. The letter, the diary, the unprinted manuscript are the *cartes d'entrée* to their firesides. But more useful than these,—more useful because you may take them down from your own shelves—are a few books so nearly forgotten as to be regarded, if not as literary curiosities, at least as Victorian heresies. Yet these books were thrown off by their creators in the stir of eager conviction. Their philosophies are frequently free from the numbing prudence, so often begotten of expected official publication. Occasionally they attack fiercely, without reserve, those of the opposite wing of thought. And always there are silhouettes, whimsically just, of Victorians who were different when we were introduced to them formally. In form such books are apt to be atrocious; in their sincerity they are sure to be delightful. The unrivalled example of them all is *Yeast, A Novel*, by Charles Kingsley. But the beginner, knocking for the first time at the Victorian back-door, should open Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling*. It is the primer of the Victorian novice.

When Carlyle called his biography "a poor tatter of a thing" he was thinking, quite probably, of its intellectual incoherence. All the ferment of fragmentary and eccentric beliefs is stamped upon the book. As if he peered into a beryl-stone the reader sees in imagination the prophets of the age. Newman is at Littlemore, and the shop-window posters bear index fingers pointing towards Rome. Carlyle characterizes Christianity as "Hebrew old clothes." At the hest of his "dearest master" Maurice Kingsley is preaching the doctrines of the *Kingdom of Christ*. Against Newman's "frankly impossible solution" Matthew Arnold places his resigned faith in a "Not-Ourselves that makes for Righteousness." And Clough at Oxford, certainly the spokesman for

many young Englishmen of his day, describes himself as "a straw in the draught of a chimney." All this within a few years,—as Kingsley said, yeast! No one sensed these vagaries of belief more keenly than Carlyle; no one denounced them more frankly. And in the *Life of John Sterling* the puissant voice was not yet over-strained. There is no bitterness in the book, rather sweetness of spirit. And in it is reflected the England that Henry Adams understood,—the England of eccentricities.

The pure lightning of Carlyle illumines this England. Or, rather it illumines the life of one fine spirit, John Sterling, living in this England. The cross-currents of thought beat upon Sterling and, from one point of view, overwhelm him. The persuasive power of Carlyle's narrative depends primarily upon the truthfulness of what he says of Sterling. The reader may check the facts for himself, either in the *Life of Sterling* by Archdeacon Hare, or in other attesting data. An additional source of strength lies in the sympathy with which Carlyle tells his story. The tale of the tanneries of Meudon in the *French Revolution*, the anecdote of the shoes in the *Essay on Samuel Johnson*, and a myriad other incidents have revealed Carlyle's understanding of men. But in this life of his friend this power is accentuated, personal. Carlyle makes us understand Sterling's experience. And because of this we begin to understand a little more clearly the complex life of his era. John Sterling really lived, and his history is told by Thomas Carlyle. There are other books which are helpful prefaces for the beginner, but these are truthful records, uninspired, such as the *Diary of Caroline Fox*, or, like Kingsley's *Yeast*, they are fiction. But the *Life of John Sterling* is the story of a real man related by a man of genius.

But a more personal reason for knowing the Victorians first through the *Life of John Sterling* is that the book admits the reader at once to intimacy with a literary class to which he has been properly but distantly presented by their dignified and, sometimes, boring books. I have a friend who insists upon knowing, whenever possible, authors before their books. He must chat with Mr. Masefield ere he will read

a line of him; he will not see *Justice* until some club corner has yielded up Mr. Galsworthy. Such an ideal invites disillusionment, but may be mildly realized by reading the *Life of John Sterling*. We may dine with Carlyle's friends or walk London town with them. A period of time may elapse before we read the theological writings of Mr. Frederick Denison Maurice, but if we see him with Sterling in the *Athenaeum* adventure, or at Sterling's death-bed we are likely to think of him justly and with some admiration. It is interesting, too, to see Sterling and John Stuart Mill together in the Sistine Chapel. Seldom has the portrait-painting hand limned more vividly. You see "Good Little Frank" Edgeworth, in Carlyle's sketch, "a short neat man; of sleek, square, colourless face (resembling the portraits of his father), with small blue eyes in which twinkled curiously a joyless smile; his voice was croaky and shrill, with a touch of shrewish obstinacy in it, and perhaps of sarcasm withal. A composed, dogmatic, speculative, exact, and not melodious man." Here, too, is Francis Newman, "then and still an ardently inquiring soul, of fine university and other attainments, of sharp-cutting restlessly advancing intellect, and the mildest pious enthusiasm." And there are glimpses of others: Richard Trench, then far from *Words* and the Archbishopric of Dublin; Jacky Kemble; Baconian Spedding; Apollo-like George Venables, destined to break Thackeray's nose, and to become George Warrington in *Pendennis*; Keatsian Milnes, too. Truly, we have broken Victorian privacy.

The works of Sterling some have talked of, but few have read. Carlyle cannot persuade us to take him seriously as a man of letters. Indeed, he scarcely tries. Sterling's books are found on remote shelves of outrageously large libraries. Alphabetically, chronologically, or in order of merit, the seasoned reader consumes them only late in life. There is pleasure in dipping into them, for they are the expression of a winning personality. But no more: through Carlyle and through Carlyle alone shall we remember Sterling. In the *Onyx Ring*, which *Blackwood's* brought out in 1838, Carlyle himself is a protagonist. Edmonston, the hero, passing weary of his own personality, assumes, by means of a magic ring,

those of his friends. Archdeacon Hare, under a fragile disguise, is his first new identity. Dull satiety creeps in; he no longer cares to be even Archdeacon Hare. Another personality, of a hermit, is clearly an effigy of Carlyle. He denounces political parties; he decries happiness; he is described as "the most marked and original figure . . . in modern England." Edmonston finally makes a decision frequently arrived at in life: it is more interesting to work out one's own disagreeable destiny than the pleasanter fates of one's friends. He puts his old cloak about him; Edmonston becomes Edmonston and marries his first love.

Arthur Coningsby, the youthful novel of 1833, and the *Essays and Tales*, published by Parker in 1848, are even less convincing. To accept any judgment of Carlyle's concerning poetry, even Sterling's, is surprising. The assertion that Shakespeare should have stuck to prose persuades nearly everyone that Carlyle never left childhood aesthetically. But his criticisms of Sterling's verse are just. Of *Strafford*, the tragedy dedicated to Emerson, Carlyle writes: "Before going to Italy he had sent me the manuscript; . . . willing to hear the worst that could be said of his poetic enterprise. I had to afflict him again, the good brave soul, with the deliberate report that I could *not* accept this Drama as his Picture of the Life of Strafford, or as any *Picture* of that strange Fact." Still there are in *Strafford* noble passages. *The Election*, too, Sterling's comic poem, is readable. *The Sexton's Daughter* is a rare bit of fustian. The poem is Wordsworthian and is itself ample proof that the founder of the Lake School was, for the Victorians certainly, inimitable. The burden is of Henry, the school-teacher, in love with the daughter of the Sexton. This person, true to the traditions of cruel fathers, tries to lure Henry into the profession of grave-digging. He has the pardonable illusion that it is more lucrative than teaching. In the biography Carlyle bolsters up the poem with some rather noisy rhetoric. It is said, however, that when he finished reading the poem for the first time he snarled: "Goody-goody!" Poor Sterling! He failed in literature as in so many other ventures.

Yet Sterling's literary futility is incidental. To know as much as this of Sterling's life is to know his friends well. And to know his friends well is to know many Victorian bellettrists. Vignettes of Englishmen, great and otherwise, of 1840; chat of amazing literary enterprises; talk of *The Athenæum*, of *Sartor Resartus*,—of the making of many Victorian books there is no end! The very spirit of the time is in the book.

For even the thumb-nail sketches of the age seem those of an apprentice beside the single superb portrait of Coleridge. In many ways Coleridge was to Victorian thought almost a first cause. Its woof is woven of the threads of his philosophy. At one time all young Englishmen were thinking in terms of Coleridge. Growths from his seminal mind were everywhere. Coleridge moonshine had become an intellectual fashion. Such a turn of thought as the Broad Church Movement owed its existence, in part, to Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*. But Coleridge affected his contemporaries less by his writing than by speech. Those who would know Coleridge must turn from his unfinished books to the records of his conversation,—those strange fantasies of wisdom. *Viva voce* portraits, in the case of Coleridge, are precious. Emerson describes Coleridge's regret that Doctor Channing had been a Unitarian. It was, he said, "an unspeakable misfortune." The metaphysician then read furiously from a book execrating all Unitarians. "I am a Unitarian," Emerson mildly interrupted. "Yes, I suppose so," replied the other, and continued his anathemas. Engravings of him exist by Scott, Southey, Hazlitt, DeQuincey, and Woodsworth. Charles Lamb was under the spell of his voice as the memorable apostrophe attests: "Come back into memory . . . Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I seen the casual passer through the Cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration, to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars reëchoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy!*"

But of all portraits Carlyle's is the most personal, the most suggestive, easily the greatest in literature. This chapter alone makes the *Life of John Sterling* an admirable portal to Victorian literature. Sir George Trevelyan, speaking of the literary conservatism of his uncle in his *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, says: "Little as he was aware of it, it was no slight privation, for one who had keenly tasted the exquisite trifling of Plato . . . [not to taste] the description of Coleridge's talk in *The Life of John Sterling*." That the real Coleridge looks out from Carlyle's picture is apparent from Coleridge's own memorials of his life. A letter to Mr. Poole, written in 1797, depicting his dreamy boyhood, is like the opening scene of the drama whose final act Carlyle describes: "Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls engaged there . . . He had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character . . . A sublime man who, alone in those dark days had saved his crown of spiritual manhood."

"Coleridge moonshine," Carlyle thought, unsettled Sterling and other young Englishmen in their attitude towards the church. They had a healthy intolerance of its Shibboleths, but the mage was forever exhorting them: *Esto perpetua!* Sterling wavered. On the threshold he shrank before the "black dragoon in every parish, on good pay and rations, horse meat and man's meat." The "black dragoon" was the smug country parson, equipped with pony carriage for wife and children, who buried himself in the trivia of theological controversy. This lie Sterling would not live. His was the odd quest, not of orthodoxy, but of Truth. Instead of entering the Church he played restlessly with original and even dangerous turns of thought. With Carlyle he drank deeply of speculative German philosophy. He never became what Hare made him out, "a pale, sickly shadow in a torn surplice," for he loved what belonged to manhood, and he possessed the intellectual and moral courage to face doubt. But despite this he did the characteristic thing of the age: at last he took

orders. He did this under the discipline of events grave and saddening. It was a very natural and not unbeautiful thing that Sterling in the time of his distress returned to the faith of his fathers. "When they are at their wits end they call upon Him." Sterling remained in the fold exactly eight months. Was ill health, as given out, the reason for Sterling's defection? Unquestionably the taking of orders was an aberration. The real Sterling could never be a Churchman. He was rather the representative of his generation, both in the uncertainty of his faith and in his final repudiation of the English Church. Sterling left the Church with his belief in Christianity shattered; his love for it remained the same. Carlyle makes Sterling's experience vivid, he also leaves no doubt that this tragedy was enacted daily. His whole book protests that the Church of England of that day could not satisfy the needs of thoughtful young men.

From Sterling's vagaries the Victorian recruit learns much, and from the relation of them he comprehends more clearly the elusive faith of Thomas Carlyle. That "inarticulate" belief is best set forth by Froude, but Carlyle's incidental confessions are more personal and often more enlightening. The sneers at the "old Hebrew clothes" of Christianity; the declaration that 'it is as sure as mathematics that such things never happened;' and the puzzling assurance of Carlyle to his mother that basically his and her beliefs were identical,—all such are increments of real constructive value. And the *Life of Sterling* teems with frank comments upon Carlyle's own religion.

Sometimes, indeed, the biography seems merely a medium for Carlyle's own opinions. The reader is never allowed to forget who is speaking, one Thomas Carlyle, prophet of the nineteenth century. He often resembles an orchestra leader attempting a too difficult symphony. And occasionally he seems to leap upon the stage, baton in hand! Accordingly all judgments of Sterling have a strong Carlylean bias. Carlyle's dislike of his friends' "japannish" classicality was born of his own distaste for the classics. Among the Greeks he himself cared only for Homer. Far better, he asserted, the bold Scandinavian mythology. Here, in the *Life of John Sterling*

behold the whimsical preferences of "the Goth of literature": the aversion to Keats and Byron; the horror of Horace; and the admiration for such antitheses as Sterne and Richter.

It is as if Carlyle's personality had cast over Sterling's life a gigantic shadow, thus rendering the book unique among biographies. Sterling is engulfed by a kindred but mightier spirit. You feel an unequal marriage of true minds. Sterling stands out, but largely for the reason that he is described by "the devouring eye and the portrait-painting hand." After all is said, the most extraordinary aspect of the *Life of John Sterling* is that, in concluding, one thinks not of the biographee but of the biographer. Boswell, Hallam, Tennyson, William Michael Rossetti are lost in the hierophants they worship, but John Sterling is swallowed up in Thomas Carlyle. Everyone knows the biographies of men of genius written by men of talent. The *Life of John Sterling* is a biography of a man of talent written by a man of genius.

This genius will make us remember Sterling. Because of Carlyle the student of Victorian literature may understand the "weariness and sicknesses, fightings and despondings" of this Victorian. "Here, visible to myself, for some while, was a brilliant human presence, distinguishable, honourable and lovable amid the dim common populations; among the million little beautiful, once more a beautiful human soul: whom I, among others, recognized and lovingly walked with, while the years and hours were." Sterling's gift for friendships was prodigious, and has helped him to put on, in some degree, immortality. He was capable of a lasting intimacy with a man three thousand miles away whom he had never seen. Carlyle introduced Sterling to Emerson by letter; their letters attest the warmth of their friendship. But the vital friendship of Sterling's life was with Carlyle himself.

Just after the appearance in *Frazer's* of that shocking parable, *Sartor Resartus*, with its Teutonic syntax and its snow-rose-bloom-maidens, Mill brought the two together. Sterling's subsequent review of *Sartor* recommended it to many bewildered readers, and gave it fame among Carlyle's contemporaries. The secret of the friendship which persisted until Sterling's death may be guessed. Sterling was not a

"hero." But Carlyle found in their life attitudes a basic agreement, and the stimulus, too, of something else. Our best friends are those who understand us, yet supply, also, a spiritual need. What struck Carlyle with wonder was Sterling's optimism. As the friendship deepened it became a complement of his own sad nature. For Carlyle, though he spoke much of hope, was seldom hopeful. And Sterling cheered him.

This sunniness, indeed, was Sterling's glory. To poverty, to disease, to the spiritual maladies of the age,—and to these he was keenly susceptible,—he opposed a rare and resolute courage. Besieged by trouble he writes Emerson: "But after all regrets, Life is good,—to see the face of Truth, and enjoy the beauty of tears and smiles, and know one's self a man, . . . All this is a blessing that may console us for all wants, and *that* sickness and sorrow, and, one may trust, Death, cannot take away." Death came apace, but on the verge Sterling sent a brave word to America: "I fear nothing," he wrote to Emerson, "and I hope much." At the very last, a letter, a strangely beautiful memorial of his affection for Carlyle:

"My Dear Carlyle,—For the first time for many months it seems possible to send you a few words; merely, however, for Remembrance and Farewell. On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty indeed I have none. With regard to You and Me I cannot begin to write; having nothing for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power. Towards me it is still more true than towards England that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when THERE, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part so sad as it seems to the standers-by.

JOHN STERLING."

The Education of Women in Latin-America

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The rapid progress of education of women in Latin-America has been blocked, not only by the general indifference or actual opposition which have manifested themselves to some extent in all countries, but also by a complication of two other factors, the Spaniard's Moorish attitude toward women and the ever-present discrimination against the lowly born of either sex. The general feeling towards women has been that those of the lower classes should work and be taught nothing that would make them protest at being held as beasts of burden, and that those of the upper class should be kept from all contact with the world. Popular education has not been considered desirable. The Church, which had control of all training for many centuries, was content with teaching the rudiments of the faith, except in the case of a favored few. The owners of large plantations and all others who profit by the forced labor of the Indians and half-breeds, men and women, still seriously object to schooling being forced on their peons.

One learns by reading the school laws of Latin-America that universal primary education has been compulsory for many years, but, unfortunately, these laws were written as the ideal of the central governments. The vision of the few, not the demand of the many, has been the inspiration of all efforts to give schools to all classes. The Indians, who compose so large a part of the population of most of the Spanish American countries, and the Creoles of the rural districts, have for the most part not been reached by the schools at all.

Mexico, in 1821, passed good laws requiring all children to attend school, but the poverty of the people, the lack of teachers, and the dense ignorance of the masses made enforcement of the laws impossible. Even on the upper classes they had so little effect that in 1842 Madame Calderon could say: "Generally speaking, the Mexican Señoras and Señoritas

write, read and play a little. When I say they read, I mean they know how to read; when I say they write, I do not mean they can always spell; and when I say they play, I do not assert that they have generally a knowledge of music. If we compare their education with that of girls of England, or in the United States, it is not a comparison but a contrast. . . . Then as to schools, there are none that deserve the name, and no governesses. . . . When very young, they occasionally attend the schools, where the boys and girls learn to read in common, or any other accomplishment that the old women can teach them; but at twelve they are already considered too old to attend these promiscuous assemblages, and masters are got for drawing and music to finish their education. . . . It frequently happens that the least well-informed girls are the children of the cleverest men, who, keeping to the customs of their forefathers, are content if they confess regularly, attend church constantly, and can embroider and sing a little."¹ But the Government kept on with its efforts for general education, and in 1887 when Mrs. Gooch published her *Face to Face with the Mexicans*, she could say: "Industrial and normal schools and colleges are now in successful operation at many central points. In these girls receive not only a practical education, but also instruction in the various branches of art by highly qualified masters. . . . During my sojourn at the capital, one young señorita graduated in dentistry. She began at once assisting her father, who was a dentist, in his office, the fact being announced in all the leading newspapers." This account makes it clear that economic pressure was already forcing the middle class girls out from their seclusion.

In spite of the troubles of the Mexican government, there has been a constant progress in providing funds and trained teachers—the two essentials for good schools. Supervision and aid from the central government has been beneficial, though not always gladly received by the provinces, some of which have strong "state's rights" theories, and welcome

¹"Life in Mexico": Madame Calderon de la Barca. Published in London, 1843. Madame Calderon was the wife of a British diplomat and had exceptional opportunities for studying the life of the upper class in Mexico.

no compulsory education law or practice. Where there are schools, girls are given the same training as boys, with domestic arts in addition. There are a few good trade schools for girls, and some night schools for working women. The Normal Schools are the most vital part of the educational efforts of the state, and many sons and daughters of the poor receive state aid during their attendance. The Normals are usually patronized by the very poor, partly because the sons of the rich expect to enter a more lucrative calling than that of teaching and the daughters do not prepare for any profession or trade, and partly because the Catholic Church opposes all secular schools and only the very ambitious young people without any social standing to lose, will risk its censure. Mexico has no colleges of the modern type. The new University of Mexico, established in 1910, includes the schools of law, medicine, engineering, architecture, a national preparatory school of college grade, and a graduate school. In 1912 there were three women enrolled in the graduate school. The great prejudice against coeducation will deter all but the strongest characters from an effort to enter the University. In general, it may be said that in Mexico class and race determine the probability or even possibility of educational privileges. Girls of the upper class have a "finishing school" training or even less; girls of the middle class may study for a profession or a trade, and an ever increasing number are doing this; girls of the peon class have very little opportunity, if any, to learn to read and write, for, even in peace times, school buildings, teachers and incentives to study are lacking.

In South America Argentina has led in education for many years, due chiefly to the start given by Sarmiento, the "School-master President," who established a school for girls in 1836, when he was a teacher. In 1842 he started a normal school, and afterwards went first to Europe and then to the United States to study educational methods. He was made Minister of Public Instruction of Argentina, then, after representing his country in the United States for a short time, he was elected president in 1868. He immediately called some American women to form a model normal school

at Parana, and so prepared for the training of at least a small corps of teachers who could go through the country to train others. But in spite of the law that "primary education is free and compulsory," the last available statistics state that only about half the children of school age are even enrolled.

The secondary schools for girls, called "liceos," teach all the subjects given in the boys' "colegios," and music and domestic arts. Some boys' schools admit girls, but there is so much feeling against this that but few girls attend them. The opening of professional and trade schools to girls has been appreciated to an astonishing degree. There are two types of such schools; in one, the trades feature is emphasized; in the other, a complete course in household arts is given. The trades usually taught are dressmaking, millinery, and tailoring. When the student has mastered a trade, she is given a certificate of competency. The manual training schools have a fixed curriculum requiring three years for graduation. Girls must have the rudiments of a primary education and be fourteen years old to enter them. Commercial arithmetic, elements of bookkeeping, and typewriting are taught usually in these schools, but owing to the fear of possible competition with men, courses as thorough as boys get are not allowed. Poor families would be greatly benefited if their daughters would attend these schools and so learn to raise their standard of living, but the great majority of pupils come from the artisan class and that of the small shopkeeper. An unusually praiseworthy school is "La Escuela Normal de Lenguas Vivas." Here girls are given both primary and secondary education, and are taught, and taught to teach, a foreign language. They learn to speak, read, and write a language, and study the history and customs of the people whose mother tongue they are to teach. The regular normal schools are attended almost entirely by women, so of course the public school teachers are usually women. In 1914 there were 21,961 women to 6,505 men. The small pay and, doubtless, the scarcity of openings for women in other fields are the causes for this condition.

When the University of La Plata was founded in 1906, it was open to women, and the older Universities then allowed women to matriculate regularly. Women are in a large majority in the pedagogical departments of the Universities of La Plata and of Buenos Aires, and are found in large numbers in the schools of medicine, pharmacy, and dentistry.

In Chile the earliest efforts of the state were concentrated on secondary schools, to which girls were not admitted. The Government finally saw that primary education for both sexes is essential for prosperity and progress, and it subsidized both public and private schools. Coeducation is usual in the primary schools, but not in the secondary. At the Chilean Educational Congress in December, 1902, Señora Maria Espindola de Munoz, principal of a girls' school, complained that the discussions on secondary education had to be held in two sections because the courses for girls were so inferior to those for boys. Chile claims to have the oldest normal school of college grade in South America, the Instituto Pedagógico, founded in 1889. At first the presence of women was not thought of, but when high-schools for girls increased and teachers for them were necessary, a few women at a time, under protests and with restrictions, were admitted. Now the women have absolute equality and outnumber the men three to one. The "Instituto" is a "university school of education," and has a curriculum divided into seven distinct sections. Women are admitted to the national university, and are found chiefly in the schools of pharmacy, dentistry, and midwifery, and in the nurses' training school. The National School of Music and Arts has a larger attendance of women than of men. This institution is of great benefit to the middle class, as girls are trained to be good musicians or actresses. The normal and the industrial schools are the types that are being stressed most in Chile. The Government expends annually \$200,000 on the industrial schools for girls. Women in general are still terribly ignorant and the consequences are superstition, crime, and an appalling rate of infant mortality. Government recognition of cause and effect and the increasing effort to educate the girls and supply night schools, adult schools, and lectures for women, are hav-

ing a slow but very clear effect on the country. Economic conditions must change in order to allow girls to get the "common-school" education, for in 1911 only a little more than one per cent of the girls who entered school at all reached the sixth grade, and only two per cent reached the fifth.

Uruguay has a very small proportion of Indians in its population and has been able to make rapid strides in its efforts towards popular education. Coeducation is the custom in primary schools, and girls are given courses in domestic science and in gymnastics. In the provinces poorly trained teachers have been the rule, but the Government is so concerned that it has sent a number of women teachers to the United States to study primary methods and manual training. Some educators are awake to the necessity of educating women of all classes if the moral and physical standard of the race is to be improved, as was shown by the almost dramatic paper of Eduardo Monteverde, Professor in the National University of Montevideo, on "Finalidad Esencial de la Educacion de la Mujer," given at the Second Pan-American Scientific Congress.

Bolivia has a most difficult educational problem as its population is three-fourths Indian or mixed. President Montes sent a Commission to Europe to study educational systems, and as a result of this visit a Normal School was founded at Sucre in 1910 and Dr. G. Rouma was called from the Normal at Brussels to be its head. Dr. Rouma believed in coeducation, and against great opposition he allowed women to enter the new school. After two years' trial, the Government officially adopted coeducation in the Normal. Dr. Rouma wrote of the great eagerness of the women teachers of the country for training in a paper in *L'Ecole Moderne*. (Nov. 1913.) He said: "In order to convey some idea of the difficulties attending the journey of these groups of young women to the Normal School, it should be explained that in December, the time of the journey, the roads are partially destroyed by the rains, and, consequently, these young women had to travel for five days on the backs of mules across the Cordilleras sleeping at night in Indian cabins and traveling during the day under the hot sun across desolate country.

What matter? They sang as they traveled, encouraging each other, strong and courageous." In a report given at the Pan-American Congress referred to above, the present Director of the Normal, Emilio Jacobs, affirmed the complete success of coeducation. La Paz has a commercial school for girls distinctly lower in grade than that provided for boys; only a primary education is required for entrance, and only a two year course is given.

There are several unusually interesting schools in Brazil, though the country as a whole is appallingly backward. The "Lyceo de Artes e Oficios" at Rio de Janeiro does not teach trades but aims rather "to make workmen intelligent in general and more skillful and artistic in their work." For architecture and the fine arts the institution offers a complete training, both scientific and practical. Many girls and women attend the day classes. The Commercial School at Sao Paulo and one in Rio de Janeiro are coeducational, as is also the Normal at the latter city. In Brazil, especially, this is remarkable. Trade schools for girls are being established rapidly. It is interesting to note that the first kindergarten in Brazil, if not in all South America, was opened in 1882 in connection with the "Eschola America" in Sao Paulo, by Miss Phoebe Thomas, a self supporting missionary. A number of Brazilian girls were trained here to become kindergartners, and Miss Marcia Brown, a teacher in this school, was appointed by the government as head of the kindergarten in the Normal when it was opened.

All the books about Peru lay special emphasis on the "womanliness," "graciousness," and "piety" of the women, especially in Lima. Unfortunately, little can be said about their education. The laws say that primary education is "free and obligatory," but little has been done to make the law effective. The Indian and half-breed women are for the most part hopelessly ignorant and degraded. Not their "womanliness," but their ability to work is all that is considered about them. In communities where schools have been established, and where on account of scarcity of funds, coeducation is supposed to be the rule, the prejudice of the people keeps the girls at home. Only a few of the larger cities make

any provision for girls above the primary grade. But there are organizations of women in Lima to promote the education of women. One such group, with financial aid from the government, maintains "El Centro Social," which offers commercial courses only. A striking fact is that married women occasionally take courses to be able to help their husbands in business. A society called "Evolucion Femenina" was founded in 1914 "to encourage the formation of public high schools (colegios) for girls, the dissemination or practical knowledge about the care of children, domestic science and industrial work suitable for women, the development of the idea that all honest labor is dignified and honorable, and to secure civil equality before the law for women, and the right to manage their own personal fortunes and property, even though married." This society has established a school for the little girls who work all week in commercial establishments or sell papers or lottery tickets on the street, with sessions only on Sunday.

The Central American states have the same handicaps that the other Latin-American countries have, increased by frequent revolutions and a greater proportion of Indians and negroes in some parts. Costa Rica was acknowledged as the leader in education when, at the Central American Conference held in San Salvador in 1910, it was decided to establish a pedagogic institute for all Central America in this state. All of the countries have normal schools for both sexes, and all plan to send, or are sending, women as well as men to the United States to be trained as teachers. Domestic science and trades are taught in many schools for girls. In Costa Rica, the girls' high school does not give as many courses as are given to the boys, and girls are allowed to continue their studies in the boys' liceo. The practice is reported to be satisfactory.

Most of the self-supporting educated women of the Latin-American countries are teachers, but there are successful doctors, lawyers, dentists, pharmacists, and scientists. Some run a business of their own, and there are many bookkeepers and stenographers. Except in the best schools of Argentina, teachers are poorly paid and are looked down upon socially.

Women are especially prominent in philanthropic work in Argentina and Uruguay. The "National Council for Women" of Argentina and a similar organization in Uruguay promote research and reading. Dr. Paulina Luisi, a physician, is also the editor of a "Accion Femina," and is the chairman of the committee on Equal Moral Standards and Traffic in Women of the Council of Women in Uruguay. Dr. Alicia Moreau of Buenos Aires was prominent at the International Conference of Women Physicians, held in New York City last October.

Professor Brandon in his study of South American Universities makes a comparison of the motives of the women of South and of North America in seeking a college education. He states²: "In the United States, it is in the college of liberal arts that the enrollment has grown prodigiously during the last generation. The motive on the part of the majority is a desire for a higher general education, without reference to its application to any particular vocation. In Latin-America, on the other hand, it is the vocational departments that women have invaded. They study to be teachers, physicians, pharmacists or dentists. If they were seeking a general literary education they would enroll in the faculty of social or political sciences, which offers more cultural studies than any other department of the university, but this is precisely where none are found. . . . It was not from a desire to share men's education that women came to the university. Certain vocations were open to them through social and economic evolution and they resorted to the university, since it was the only institution that afforded the opportunities of sufficient preparation."

As economic pressure and not desire for culture alone has been the motive for an education above the primary grade, it is easily seen why the upper-class maidens, those of the "old families," are still content with a training of music and manners, while the middle class girls are making and taking opportunities to get the best possible useful education. As

² Latin-American Universities and Special Schools; By Edgar Ewing Brandon, Vice-President of Miami University. Bulletin No. 30, 1912, United States Bureau of Education.

the great criticism on the college work of women in the United States has been that it fits them for nothing, it may be that there is something to be learned from the emphasis in particular placed on professional training by the Latin-American women.

Señora Carmen Torres Calderon de Pinnillos summed up the handicaps of women in educational fields most clearly in a paper given at the Women's Auxiliary Conference of the Second Pan American Scientific Congress, in 1915-'16. She stated that women of the higher classes have no practical outlook, as they are surrounded by a "triple wall of caste, sex and religion." An occasional one may attend an institution of higher learning, but "being satisfied to shine in the salons of society, and being aristocratic through birth and in sentiment, she feels and shows a contempt for her sister who makes of her knowledge a profession, entering the ranks of a modern movement." The woman of the middle class, compelled by economic problems, "attends schools and universities with the exclusive object of attaining a degree and thus emancipate herself from the need of accepting support from the men of her family." She must put aside social prejudice and the opposition of the Church to enter a business or professional field. Women of the lowest class are only beasts of burden.

As long as the Catholic Church holds the unquestioning loyalty of the majority of the women, as long as the whole peon class is in semi-slavery, as long as society holds the most extreme form of theory that "woman's place is the home," the great majority of Latin-American women must remain without education, or move up a thorny and tempestuous path.

Some Theatrical Programs in Paris

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It is not in the "ensemble" alone, or even chiefly, that the character of a race or a nation may be studied. Many of the tiniest details, when observed apart, shed distinct rays of light which serve to illuminate the whole, so that nothing may remain concealed from view. Thus, Franza Boas, in his extremely sympathetic study of the mind of primitive man, very correctly asserts that we may be wrong in deeming the primitive man inferior to ourselves because he lacks many, or all, of the conventions to which we subscribe, inasmuch as these very conventions may seem to him to be the mark of inferiority in us. At any rate, there is scarcely a more fascinating study than that of the *bizareries* of character that distinguish one group of people from another.

From this point of view, then, it may be neither uninteresting nor totally fruitless to examine, more or less hastily, the nature of the programmes that delight the patrons of the great national theatres of Paris. We may be able to draw some conclusions with regard to the "esprit gaulois" that so intrigues the American, and we may, perhaps, even arrive at an understanding of the reasons why the American can, only in rare instances, acquire this genius of the Gallic race.

Turning first to the Théâtre National de l'Opéra, let us consider a few—three, to be precise—of the programmes that are always well received. We listen to an enchanting performance of Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette," and we are regaled, in the interval between the fourth and fifth acts—acts replete with that heavy and saccharine pathos of which French opera is so full—with a "divertissement" portraying the courtship and marriage of a pair of rustic young lovers. This ballet is a veritable foam of nothingness; one could hardly conceive of anything lighter; and this is placed immediately before the sombre scene in the vault of the Capulets which brings to so tragic a termination Shakespeare's unrivalled apotheosis of first love. And, what is more, the bal-

let, exquisitely danced, to be sure, but, none the less, painfully out of place, is as vigorously applauded as is the opera itself. We advance one step in the scale, and find ourselves attending a performance of Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila," admirably "mise en scene" and adequately sung. We enjoy the opera to the full—after all is said and done, Saint-Saëns is one of the great composers of our day—but the generous management is not content. In order to send us home perfectly satisfied, it treats us to another Saint-Saëns work, the Henry VIII ballet, which is as far from being good music as is "Samson et Dalila" from being poor music. But the successive dances—a well-known Spanish dance, in particular—are much to the taste of the audience, which has managed to forget, with incredible rapidity, any deeper thoughts which the sombre biblical tragedy may have inspired. But if this coupling of the two Saint Saëns works is not a pandering to the likings of all classes, what shall we say of the following combination? A "Salome," the libretto of which follows closely the text of Oscar Wilde's perverse tragedy, gives its composer, one A. Marriotte, the opportunity to revel, to his heart's content, in an orgy of impressionist music, in which there is scarcely a passage of more than ten or fifteen successive bars. Of a truth, such an opera is fatiguing; but, instead of sending its audience home to digest a little more fully, and at its leisure, the cacophonies of present-day music, the "administration" causes the curtain to rise on Delibes' "Coppelia," a two-act ballet which, despite the fact that it contains some fascinating airs, is almost overwhelmingly insipid. If the audience must be relieved of the gloom that has been cast upon it by the horrifying kiss bestowed by Salome upon the lips of the severed head of the Baptist, could not something more appropriate have been chosen? But what more appropriate than a series of empty melodies that send the audience into flights of ecstasy!

If we turn now to the Théâtre-Français, we find here the same incongruous conjunction of plays to fill out the matinée or the soirée (the French are more than lavish with their aesthetic possessions). "Doubleheaders," to use a term that the American national game has made part of the lan-

guage, are the order of the day; and, as we shall in a moment see, the management does not even shy at "triple-headers." After laughing uproariously at Molière's "Le Médecin malgré lui," we are exposed to the unbroken series of horrors that is Sophocles' masterpiece, "Oedipos Tyrannos" (in a French adaptation, of course, which does some justice to the original). Having laved our souls in the vigorous poetry of the "chef-d'oeuvre" of the French theatre, Corneille's "Le Cid," we are subjected, perhaps as a sort of after-douche, to Scribe's ingeniously humorous "La Bataille des dames." The two plays require four hours and a quarter for presentation, and we leave the Palais-Royal utterly exhausted, both mentally and physically. Surely, "Le Cid" alone would have sufficed for the afternoon—the performance need not to have begun at one-thirty and certainly should not have been dragged out until five-forty-five—or, if not, something shorter and more fitting might have been coupled with it. To be sure, happier combinations are often effected; Molière's "Tartuffe" and "Les Précieuses ridicules" one evening truly comprise a "dish for the gods." And if the combination of Molière's "Les Femmes savantes" and Regnard's "Légataire universel" also wearies by its amplitude, the good humor in which the two delicious comedies keep us more than recompenses.

But what real motive actuates the management of the Théâtre National de l'Odéon to present in one evening Corneille's "Horace" and Racine's "Les Plaideurs," two pieces that are as far apart as the poles—the one pure Cornelian tragedy, with its clash of the will and the passions, the other burlesque in the most approved seventeenth-century style? Has the psychology of Parisian audiences any thing to do with this? And, finally, to come back to the Comédie-Française, just what is the explanation of a programme such as the following: Alfred de Musset's "La Nuit d'Octobre," which gives an actor and an actress the opportunity to declaim with that mouthing of verses which sends the patrons of the Théâtre-Français into such raptures; Théodore de Banville's "Gringoire," a delightful comedy of the reign of Louis XI, flawlessly produced; and Molière's "Les Fourberies

de Scapin," perhaps that master-comedian's last word in the "genre" of the uproarious farce?

It is unnecessary to multiply examples; those which have been cited will more than suffice. We can now ask ourselves whether we are justified in drawing any conclusions as to Parisian characterology from this phenomenon of theatrical programmes. And, if we are so justified, as we may assume ourselves to be for the sake of the interest attached to such a study, what conclusions are we to draw?

Without falling back upon such added bits of evidence as the fact that Paris teems with churches and cafés, with museums and cabarets, with priests and street-walkers, we may sum up our conclusion in the single statement that the character of the Parisian is a meeting of extremes. The Parisian is extremely artistic—all soul—and extremely physical—all body. And he is this at all times, laying himself bare, as it were, to alternate waves of the aesthetic and the corporeal. Thus it is that he can, one moment, shed tears over the tragic fate of a Britannicus and the next succumb to almost hysterical fits of laughter at the pranks of some Arlequin or Mascarille. The Parisian, thus, is emotional; unhappily, he seems incapable of sustained flights of emotionality. As a consequence, the character of the Parisian, at least as it reveals itself to the outer world, is marred by its superficiality. The "boulevardier's" love of the fine arts and the satisfaction he obtains from a repast that abounds in delicacies or from smart clothes, his piety and his frivolity, his bodily indulgence and his intellectual flights—especially as manifested in his pointed, scintillating conversion—all take their root in this one characteristic. And it is more than unfortunate that this is so. For if the Parisian were capable of greater concentration, if he did not find such huge delight in lounging when he might profitably be doing something better, the French nation, with its innate love of the beautiful, would undoubtedly occupy today the position of hegemony which was hers during the days of her Grand Monarque. France should now know that, to her sorrow, to be gifted with a sense of the fine and to lack the sense of system and efforts, does not make for advancement in

a world in which, much to the disadvantage of all that is fine, the reverse order holds good.

Here, then, is a miniature appraisal of the "esprit gaulois." The stranger, swept from his feet by the bubbling gaiety, the "sans-gêne," that constitutes one side of this nature, often attempts to imitate it, and fails dismally. Unable to reconcile within himself the extremes that make up the character of the Parisian, he ends by knowing and copying only one side. In most instances, this side is the one that is perceived from the boulevards and in the companionship of denizens of Paris of more than doubtful professions; and this is not to the advantage of the good opinion the French really deserve in the eyes of the world. It is only he who, diving beneath the surface froth (sometimes muck) of French life, discovers the true Paris—Paris with its strong and ancient traditions of the classic and the lofty in all the nobler phases of existence—he alone may properly esteem and pay due homage to the "esprit gaulois."

BOOK REVIEWS

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. By Julia Collier Harris. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1918,—x, 620 pp.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. By Robert L. Wiggins. Nashville, Tenn.: Smith and Lamar, 1918,—447 pp.

To have caught the heart and imagination of the childhood of the world with stories that have in them all the charm of ancient fairy lore and the presence in them of something intimately familiar and modern, to have preserved with a singular fidelity to fact the myths and legends of a race which never kept a record, to have made to live certain phases of a vanished civilization of a great section with an understanding and a sympathy that belong to real genius, and to have revealed the great common truth of human nature, the laughter and the tears of it,—to have done all this is to make the author of *Uncle Remus* and of *Stories of Middle Georgia Life* worthy of a high place in the history of American literature and of a biography that will help to a definite appreciation of the man and his work.

And in Mrs. Julia Collier Harris' *Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris* we have such a biography. Being written by one of the family, so to speak, it is just the kind of account we need for an understanding of the personality of Harris, the quality of his genius, the sources that nourished it, how and where he got his material and the uses he made of it, his human relationships, the man himself. In fact, no other kind of biography of Joel Chandler Harris would have been quite satisfying. For, in spite of a temperamental shyness that caused him to run into hiding from anything like the glare of publicity and to reveal himself as he really was only in the intimate circle of friendship or under the protecting shelter of the family roof-tree, he did, however, establish between himself and his readers a strangely close and familiar comradeship. They somehow felt that they knew the gentle, whimsical, quaintly wise personality behind what they were reading. And the volume before us, in a very engaging way, not so

much introduces us to a stranger as it makes us even better acquainted with an old friend whom we have long known and loved.

But the student of American Letters will be specially interested in the presentation of the steps by which a freckled-faced, mischievous Georgia boy, limited by birth and by apparently unpromising surroundings, developed and literally trained himself for the great business of authorship until he became one of the outstanding leaders in what amounts to a revival of American literature. The small conventional schooling he had as a boy, his apprenticeship in the printing office of a country newspaper, the exceptionally large library of its owner and the boy's browsing in it, the manifold activities and the life of a middle Georgia plantation that gave him the material which should make him one day the historian of his people, both black and white, the coming of the war, his training in newspaper work in Macon, New Orleans, Monroe, Savannah, and finally with the *Constitution* in Atlanta in the late seventies when the paragraphist with a state-wide reputation becomes the creator of *Uncle Remus*, *His songs and his sayings* with a nation-wide reputation that made him in a true sense a household name,—such is the record of the growth in noteworthy achievement of a rare American genius, a genius as native and original as that of Mark Twain, for example, or of any other. This development is brought out with great definiteness and clearness in Mrs. Harris' volume, and with sympathy and selective insight and skill.

A reading of it therefore will bring one to understand not only the winning charm of Harris' personality as it pervades everything he wrote, but also that impression of reality that is inescapable to any lover of *Uncle Remus* and all else he wrote. He absorbed his material at first hand, painting the prospect literally from his own door and using himself only as a medium for recording and interpreting. This is why his folks, white and black, their action, talk, their ways, seem consistently themselves and so genuinely alive that we feel as if we have known them in very flesh. He did not have to trouble himself by any sort of artificial invention but simply told what he knew and what was middle Georgia life, racy of the

soil and rich in the qualities of our common human nature. Did not he himself say to an interviewer,—“All I did was to write out and put into print the stories I had heard all my life”?

It should be said, finally, aside from the merely literary interest of this volume, that it is a real contribution to American biography. It is essentially what may be called a human interest story because the hero of it is quaintly and attractively human from the beginning to the end. To read it is like living with Harris himself, like getting behind his characteristic shyness and knowing him as little children, his family at the Wren's Nest, his newspaper associates, and James Whitcomb Riley and Mark Twain knew him. Into this charmed circle his daughter-in-law's *Life and Letters* admits one, and the result is that we have been with a singularly wholesome human being, wise in the sweet, and tender, and abiding things of experience, whose life-story as here told is among the fine and noble things of American literature.

Dr. Wiggins' study is a scholarly effort toward an understanding of Harris' literary development in relation to the facts of his life, and will prove an excellent companion book to Mrs. Harris' *Life and Letters*. Dr. Wiggins has evidently spared no pains to get at the facts of Harris' life, and the result is that we feel that we have a reasonably solid basis of proved knowledge to build on if we should make a study of Harris' genius for ourselves.

In particular, we learn from Dr. Wiggins' book that Joel Chandler Harris was far from being that “accidental” author which in his usual modest way, he was wont to declare himself to be. His rather sudden leap into fame and appreciation with the *Uncle Remus Songs and Sayings* may have seemed an unexpected happening, but there was long and steady training in his craft behind it and an absorption of material both from books and from life that made authorship inevitable, if not intentional. Of course, this is not to say that Joel Chandler Harris deliberately planned to get himself ready for a literary career, but it does mean that, given his genius, he did prepare himself for an adequate expression of it and his achievement in the realm of letters was no mere accident. Even before he

went to the printing office at Turnwold Plantation, as a thirteen-year-old lad he was writing poems and sketches of a quality that any average thirteen-year-old boy could not have written. Then in the printing office he was clearly very much more than an ordinary apprentice learning to set type or run a hand press. He was a voracious reader, a keen and kindly observer of life, and was constantly practicing a variety of forms of writing under the critical eye of his employer and with the best models always before him.

The result was that when the close of the war sent him forth from Turnwold, he went not merely as a printer but as a man who had improved a native gift toward writing by careful and constant expression in it as an art. He was therefore ready for the special quality of editorial work which, with its humor, its insight, its native flavor of Georgia soil, and its genial revelation of Georgia life, passed easily from the editorial paragraph into the sketch, the story, the novel. As one follows Mr. Wiggins in his study of this phase of Harris' career all that he wrote seems the perfectly natural result of a process of preparation,—a result that strikes one with no sense of surprise, however surprised the author of *Uncle Remus* himself may have been at his success. For even to the end of his day, in the words of Mr. Walter Page, after an interview with him, it is certainly true that "Joe Harris never appreciated Joel Chandler Harris." But the fact is that Joe Harris developed into Joel Chandler Harris through the normal process of training and preparation by which anyone must grow into a mastery of any art, and Mr. Wiggins' study is a worthy contribution to our appreciation of Joel Chandler Harris from this standpoint.

H. N. SNYDER.

Wofford College.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF CLASSICAL ARCHITECTURE. By Herbert Langford Warren, A. M., Late Fellow of the American Institute of Architects and Dean of the Faculty of Architecture of Harvard University. Illustrated from Documents and Original Drawings. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1919.—xiv, 357 pp.

"In this work of Langford Warren, left in manuscript at his death, is presented in enduring form the essence of his

vital teaching of the history and principles of architecture," says Professor Fiske Kimball, who edited the volume and wrote the introduction. "The manuscript," he continues, "which ended with the opening words of the final portion, 'The Parthenon', has been completed with the aid of the author's own notes and of notes on his class lectures." The author was a distinguished teacher of architecture at Harvard University, with an abounding enthusiasm for his subject and a great love for, and appreciation of, beauty in all the arts. His special field of study was the historical development of architecture, and there was good reason for the hope that he might produce a comprehensive history on a large scale. But at his death in 1917 he had written only the first volume of his contemplated work, at least, the greater part of the volume. The book traces the development of architecture in Egypt, in Mesopotamia, in Persia, and in Greece to its culmination in the Athens of Pericles. The editor justifies its title, "The Foundations of Classical Architecture", on the ground that it is a study not only of the formative periods of the art but of its abiding principles.

Egypt used the column and lintel as a structural form, as Greece did later, because of the presence of stone in the country; but the lack of it in Mesopotamia led to the invention of the arch of brick, in place of the lintel of stone, for spanning great spaces. Greek architecture was developed in contact with that of Egypt and Mesopotamia. Its beginnings are seen in the Mycenaean age. The great hall of the king's house at Tiryns, for example, contains in its arrangement the germ out of which the temple of the god subsequently grew.

The part of the book devoted to Greece of the historical period is subdivided into the following chapters: "The Temple," "Greek Mouldings," "The Doric Order," "Origin of the Doric Style," "Periods of the Doric Style," "The Doric Temples of the Archaic Period," "The Doric Temples of the Period of Full Development," "The Ionic Style and the Ionic Order," and "The Culmination in Attica." The author argues against Vitruvius' theory of the wooden origin of the Doric order, and maintains with Koldewey that the Doric column is essentially a

stone form. The Ionic column and entablature, on the other hand, were originally an imitation in stone of forms of wood decorated with metal. The Doric order drew more of its early inspiration from Egypt, the Ionic grew to perfection chiefly under oriental influences and the rich luxuriance of Asia Minor. In Attica the two orders met, mutually modified each other, and fused, according to Professor Warren, to form a single style, the Attic.

The great value of the book lies in the interest and enthusiasm that it creates in the subject. The analysis of the Doric order shows the author's great admiration for its beauty, a beauty all the more striking because of the simplicity of the structural principles involved. His praise of the Doric capital of the best period, and especially of the profile of the echinus, is unbounded. As he sets forth the unity of the whole order and the harmonious relationship of all the parts, the fitness and appropriateness of even the minutest structural detail, and makes clear what is expressed by the design as a whole and by each member of it, he arouses in the reader an enthusiasm akin to his own for the beauty, the delicacy, and the refinement of Greek architecture. This reaches its climax when he comes to the Parthenon, "the fullest expression of Greek genius in design."

While the author does not follow the practice, current among scholars, of appending footnotes and references to sources and authorities—there are but sixteen footnotes in all—he has nevertheless given in readable form a clear statement of the facts. The book is attractive in appearance, and well illustrated for the most part, but by a strange preference the editor has in a half dozen cases substituted copies of paintings and drawings by the author's brother, Mr. Harold B. Warren, for exact photographic reproductions of ancient remains. Some mistakes occur: e. g., the part of the throne room opposite the throne in the palace of Knossos is not a light-area (p.121) but a tank, perhaps for fish; not all of the beehive tombs have side chambers, as the author implies (p. 138); Vitruvius' statement that the height of the Doric column is six times its thickness at its base, is wrongly quoted on page 188; and Zeus Policus (p.

243 is an error for Zeus Polieus. But in spite of obvious shortcomings the book is bound to inspire the reader with a love and admiration of Greek architecture.

CHARLES W. PEPPLE.

THE LETTERS OF HENRY JAMES. Selected and Edited by Percy Lubbock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1920.—2 vols. xxxi, 434, xi, 511 pp.

Of certain selected letters of George Meredith, Henry James declared: "What lacerates me perhaps most of all is the meanness and poorness of editing—the absence of any attempt to project the Image (of character, temper, quantity and quality of mind, general size and sort of personality) that such a subject cries aloud for; to the shame of our purblind criticism." His ideal, thus expressed, of the excellence to be sought in collected publication of a great man's correspondence, is brilliantly achieved in his own *Letters* as edited by Mr. Percy Lubbock. Here the individuality of the prime "international" novelist is represented, fully and fairly, as it might not have been in any mere memoir or even in conscious autobiography.

At the same time that the letters, ranging in date from 1869 to 1915, show his character in its general development from ambitious, slightly snobbish youth to sure and strong old age, they reveal the intensifying, through the years, of the one quality that was responsible for the peculiar distinction of his style. This trait, which he displayed when, in quoting from a letter of his elder brother concerning the assassination of President Lincoln, he unhesitatingly emended "poor old Abe" to read "poor old Abraham," was a quite Puritan insistence upon the utmost detail of essential rightness, as he saw it, even though it were, as in this case, at the expense of surface truth. His American Protestant conscience, rejecting its traditional grist of problems in religion and ethics, ground unceasingly upon aesthetic questions, questions of style, of finely shaded discriminations between synonyms, of complete and unmistakable expressions of exquisitely complicated groups of small ideas. Not keen emotion nor sour discomfort could halt the pulverizing millstones of his thinking. It is significant that

from a sickbed he could write: "Also I am touched by, and appreciative of, your solicitude. (You see I still cling to syntax or style, or whatever it is.)"

These letters of Henry James, carefully chosen and arranged as they are for the purpose of displaying the personality of their author, have a secondary interest for their allusions to contemporaries. They picture not only the man himself, at the center of the composition, but in reasonable perspective, his background and surroundings, his times,—our and our fathers' times,—as he realizes them. It is entertaining to read of Ruskin in 1869, what one may have fearfully suspected, that "in face, in manner, in talk, in mind, he is weakness pure and simple." One rejoices in the frank opinions that James expressed in his letters to such widely separated correspondents as Robert Louis Stevenson and H. G. Wells. Especially cheering is his neat critical summary, written in 1893, of "the good little Thomas Hardy's" *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*: "The pretence of 'sexuality' is only equalled by the absence of it, and the abomination of the language by the author's reputation for style." Nor is one greatly astonished to learn, remembering the contrasting cultural affiliations of the two men (that Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 seemed to Henry James "the mere monstrous embodiment of unprecedented resounding Noise." The expatriate stylist is not always easy to sympathize with; he rubs the American eagle's neck-feathers the wrong way. But sometimes, almost in spite of himself, as it would seem, he wrote such simply admirable sentences as these of April, 1915: "As for the President, he is really looking up. I feel as if it kind of made everything else do so!"

It may be, after all, that this reflecting of the civilization in the mist of which they were written is not the minor but the major value of the books before us. For here, perhaps more usefully than in his works of fiction, James achieved his ambition "to leave a multitude of pictures of my time."

ROBERT CALVIN WHITFORD.

Knox College.

WITH THE WITS: SHELBURNE ESSAYS, TENTH SERIES. By Paul Elmer More. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1919, pp. 312.

Paul Elmer More has a high seriousness in both his style and thought that places him beyond the trim smartness of the casual commonplaces of the easy reviewer. He treats his own subjects with a dignified courtesy and a grave consideration that demand respectful treatment in turn. Whatever depraved inclination one may sometimes indulge to "make points" against an ordinary book when it appears, there is no inclination, nor is there much opportunity, to crack phrases on a volume of Shelburne Essays. One may differ, but he must differ respectfully—and at great risk of finding himself in the wrong.

With the Wits is typical of the other volumes of Shelburne Essays in that it consists of essays written at various times for separate publication in magazine or review. The atmosphere of pleasant easiness of the introduction continues throughout the book in occasional personal expressions and reminiscences that sometimes, as in the essay on "Decadent Wit," is somewhat more suggestive of cultivated conversation than of the tone of elevated, lucent seriousness that characterizes Mr. More's style and is to be found to best advantage, perhaps, in his book on Plato. It is not that this note is missing in the present volume; it would be hard to cite a finer example of Mr. More's steadfast regard for the serious truths of human nature than the conclusion of the essay on Halifax.

There is not the same completeness and continuity about the book as there would have been had the essays been written originally as parts of a book on the tradition of wit in English literature rather than as occasional reviews for *The Nation*. Chesterfield, Walpole and Sterne, who might otherwise have found a place in the company, had been treated in earlier volumes, and the wits of the *Tattler* and the *Spectator* are not discussed. The presence of the latter in particular would have greatly enriched the volume by showing wit in an aspect not otherwise represented, the wit of amiable social reform. Other forms of wit are well represented. The wit of animal spirits somewhat tainted with moral decay is shown in Beaumont and Fletcher, the wit of a sound, if slightly cynical

worldly wisdom in Halifax, and that of complacent cynicism and moral carelessness in Mrs. Aphra Behn and her contemporaries. We find also the *saeva indignatio*, social and personal, of Swift and Pope, the reckless and purposeless wit of Wharton, and the wit of moral and physical weakness that flourishes with the nineteenth century decadents. This survey, perhaps, is straining after more unity of idea than the book actually comprises; Mr. More is not restricting himself to the development and changes in the idea of wit, but is dealing primarily with the wits themselves. In the essay on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is shown vividly the penalty that brilliant lady paid for association with the wits; the essay on Berkeley is chiefly of importance in pointing out the significance of his doctrine of immateriality; and that on Gray's letters penetrates behind the reticence of the scholar to discover ennui as a significant element of Gray's character. The essay on Beaumont and Fletcher is one of the best of Mr. More's essays, and that on Decadent Wit, with which the volume closes, comes very opportunely for a generation still too much given, in the opinion of Mr. More and other competent observers, to valuing the elements which make for moral and intellectual decay in literature and national life.

Mr. More (although he has fully explained and justified his position on this point in the preface to *The Drift of Romanticism*) is sometimes accused of undervaluing the incidental beauties of literature in order to emphasize its ethical qualities. It would require a captious critic to apply this complaint to *With the Wits*. The old insistence upon questioning the ultimate trend of an author's thought is still, happily, implicit in all his judgment, but the "incidental beauties" of Beaumont and Fletcher, the *fin de siècle* decadents, and even Mrs. Behn are fairly and adequately treated. Nor are scholarship and judgment as dry in these essays as in those of a merely academic writer. Mr. More often reads, naturally and almost casually, the intense human drama behind all records of facts. In the accounts of the desolation of the Queen Anne wits in 1714 and the unequal struggle of Mary Wortley Montagu with Pope, literature is vitalized in a way not commonly encountered with modern scholars and critics.

In several passages Mr. More's calm common sense cor-

rects the sentimental whitewashing that has been applied to some of his subjects. The Restoration dramatists were not what Charles Lamb whimsically suggested they were—they were what the average intelligent reader has always taken them to be; Mrs. Behn was more sinning than sinned against, and not the bluestocking that Mr. More ironically calls her in his title.

With Swift, however, I think Mr. More's natural reaction against sentimentalizing biographers carries him too far. Swift as "the great and clean and typical humanitarian" of the biographer under review is of course too strong a dose for any one who has read the *Tale of a Tub* or all of *Gulliver's Travels*, yet Thackeray's Swift, "always alone—alone and gnashing in the darkness," and Mr. More's Swift, with his "perfect philosophy of hatred," are likewise unsatisfying answers to the great riddle of personality which Mr. More himself confesses is only intensified by reading the six volumes of Swift's correspondence. There is certainly enough evidence to throw some doubt on Swift's well-known declaration, "I hate and detest that animal called man." The rest of the sentence—"though I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas and so forth"—introduces a caveat against sweeping condemnation, for complete misanthropy would be irreconcilable with this love of individuals. It is legitimate to explain Swift's remarkable capacity for friendship as an inconsistency, but this simply admits that the misanthropy is tinged with considerable humanity. How considerably tinged it was may be seen in the letters written him by his friends. The tributes to Swift's benevolence to be found in the utterances of Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Addison, Bolingbroke, Parnell and Berkeley make rather impressive reading. Swift's own testimony might be used in his defense as well as against him. "I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind: it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable animals and are angry for being disappointed," he wrote Pope in 1725. And when Swift writes of himself as one who

" . . . gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
And showed by one satiric touch
No nation needed them so much,"

he seems to me to be merely another practical philanthropist, belittling his own benevolence in a way natural to any intellect of mordant tendencies. This is worth little as merely personal opinion, but it finds some slight support in words of Swift's friends indicative of a suspicion on their part that his cynicism was sometimes a cloak. Bolingbroke writes in 1725, "If you despised the world as much as you pretended, and perhaps believed, you would not be so angry with it." Pope writes in 1714, "It is almost ingratitude to thank you, *considering your temper,*" and fears Swift will consider gratuities impertinent. In 1736 Pope in writing to Lord Orrery in praise of Swift's humanity and charity, which he says are equal to his wit and *require as good and true a taste to be equally valued.*" Is it straining the meaning of the expression I have italicized to suggest that, after all, Swift's attitude toward humanity may have resembled that toward Arbuthnot, who loved him as "one who would vindicate me behind my back and tell my faults to my face"?

It would be absurd to attempt here to elucidate a character that baffled poor Hester Vanhomrigh and all subsequent critics; the foregoing excursus merely seeks to question the adequacy of Mr. More's perfect philosophy of hatred. To differ with Mr. More on a question of human values is presumptuous, but if one does venture to differ, the respect which Mr. More receives as one of the greatest American critics, constitutes an obligation to cite support somewhat fully.

N. I. WHITE.

ECONOMIC STATESMANSHIP. By J. Ellis Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1920—(second edition), 624 pp.

This series of papers, prepared during and since the War, seeks under various guises to show that the British Empire can best pay off its war debt "by increasing production to the utmost and by developing with the greatest energy the boundless resources" with which it is endowed. In practical recommendation, it is urged that England should Americanize her industries. By skillful appeal to official figures of the two countries it is demonstrated that American production per worker is three times as great as British production per

worker. This, it is alleged, is due to the employment of three times as much horse power per operative in America as in England, and between two and three times as much capital.

Mr. Barker's passion for production is a familiar after-war advocacy, conspicuous in England following Napoleon's defeat, seen in this country as a consequence of the Revolution, evident in the South fifteen years after the Civil War, and not unremarked in the United States at present. In the mind of the writer, the program must contemplate abandonment of England's free trade policy, the result, he thinks, of prejudice and politics rather than of economic sense, and must address itself to the accomplishment of industrial peace. So he wants to see business men directing government departments in the place of inexperienced party leaders, and he hopes that the distinctive labor movement, whether comprised in Marxian philosophy or based upon militant trade unionism, will disappear, and this in the face of larger scale production and greater concentration of capitalist control. Mr. Barker's is really as much a National System of political economy as that of Friedrich List; it is strange to find England declared, so outspokenly, industrially behind America and Germany, which once were referred to her example.

It is characteristic, perhaps, that such an apostle of production should be more concerned for the size of the national dividend than for its division between capital and labor. Nothing in the book suggests a reapportionment; it is believed that trebled production will mean trebled wages and also trebled return to investment. The British laborer is told that he must abandon his policy of "going slow" to "make work." If he does, he may wear silk shirts and smoke cigars like his American brother. Such a sop, certainly, will not satisfy the matured understanding of the organized British worker. Miss Bondfield and Mr. Shaw, as representatives of English labor, in their visit to this country made it very clear that shorter hours, higher pay and better conditions, necessary in themselves, are only a part of the present demand. Labor wants to share in the common life and culture, not to be thought for but to think; not to stand always as a separate interest, but to be a factor in the general community. Mr. Barker really

knows this well enough, and so sternly discountenances socialism.

In the chapters on "Labour Unrest: Its Causes and Its Permanent Cure" the difficulties seem to be quickly comprehensible and the remedies delightfully pat. Perhaps it had best be concluded that the author means well, and let criticism rest there. Not often today are so many threadbare arguments for the competitive system collected and gravely unpacked before the reader; there is not the least embarrassment that originality gives way before mere dull insistence. It is blandly assumed that socialism means the impoverishment of the rich and the inauguration of a stagnating bureaucracy; it is queerly stated that socialism contemplates the destruction of capital; the legend of the self made-man, with many illustrations drawn from American experience, is rehearsed with no appreciation of the fact that while some who become rich were born poor, most of the poor have stayed poor, and with no proof of inferior ability; the kindly individualism of Lincoln is not so much relished as the allegation of Roosevelt that socialism would mean the destruction of the family and the annihilation of civilization itself! And yet economic processes must not go uncontrolled to the extent of disallowing government interference through a protective tariff, and the British business man, convicted by the author of industrial sluggishness, is to displace the political leader.

The permanent cure for labor unrest, in Mr. Barker's judgment, is profit sharing—a profit sharing in which the dominant interest of the individual capitalist does not suffer, in which efficiency of the worker is more aimed at than justice to him, and through which it shall be contrived to make labor believe that, in Mr. Lloyd George's words in another connection, it is swinging a sledge at an open door.

BROADUS MITCHELL.

Johns Hopkins University.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: A STUDY IN DEMOCRACY. By NESTA H. WEBSTER. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, (no date)—xv, 519 pp.

If the conclusions of Mrs. Webster's book prove to be thoroughly substantiated by the evidence, her volume is one of

great importance, giving an entirely new insight into the causes and progress of the French Revolution. The view long ago formulated by Carlyle, that the Revolution was a spontaneous popular outbreak against rulers who had abused their trust, has of course been called in question and more or less discredited before this. Still, students were hardly prepared for Mrs. Webster's announcement that the Revolution was not a popular outburst at all, but the result of a tangle of criminal conspiracies, domestic and foreign. Mrs. Webster does not deny that the French people were misgoverned, but she holds that the nation was on a direct road to all proper reform through the wisdom and benevolence of Louis XVI himself, when thrown from its course by these iniquitous plots.

The intrigues which she holds responsible are thus characterized (p.34):

"I. The intrigue of the Orléanistes to change the dynasty of France.

"II. The intrigue of the Subversives to destroy all religion and all government.

"III. The intrigue of Prussia to break the Franco-Austrian alliance.

"IV. The intrigue of the British revolutionaries to overthrow the governments both of France and England."

Intrigues III and IV may be briefly dismissed. Mrs. Webster shows—what most history students know—that the Revolution had sympathizers in England, and that Priestly, Price, Lord Stanhope, and others condoned the French excesses and would no doubt have liked to bring the Revolution across the Channel. She also shows that the Prince of Wales (afterward George IV) probably exchanged disloyal ideas with his boon companion, the Duc d'Orléans. But that the revolutionary group in England exerted any real influence on events in France she has no proof at all. That Prussia desired to weaken the French monarchy and destroy the French alliance with Austria; that Frederick the Great and Frederick William II after him had agents at work in Paris with those ends in view; and that the Prussians rejoiced as French affairs went from bad to worse—these facts are sufficiently substantiated; but that Prussian agents played any really important part in fomenting the Revolution is not established by the evidence.

Far more important is Intrigue II—the anti-governmental and anti-religious propaganda of various secret societies such as the Illuminati and the spurious Free Masons. There seems no reason to doubt the affiliation of the Club Breton, later known as the Club des Jacobins, with these international societies, and if the Illuminati society molded the opinions of the Jacobins, then no one can deny its vital influence upon the Revolution, particularly in its later stages. And since the Order of the Illuminati was founded by Dr. "Spartacus" Weishaupt of Bavaria, Mrs. Webster may with some slight show of justice label the Revolution to this extent "made in Germany."

It is, however, the Orleanist conspiracy which plays the largest part in Mrs. Webster's book and which does most to upset existing ideas. The Duc d'Orléans, if Mrs. Webster's views are correct, instead of being a despicable minor character, ready indeed to commit any crime for his own advancement, becomes literally the Mephistopheles of the early Revolution. In his design of supplanting his cousin on the throne, he or his agents, of whom there appear to have been an unlimited number with unlimited gold to spend, obstructed the work of moderate reform in the Assembly, created an artificial famine to provoke the people against the court, forced or bought into service the mob that stormed the Bastille, circulated the rumors that produced the great "fear" in the provinces, launched the Paris underworld on the march to Versailles, made one attempt after another to assassinate the royal family, and in short employed every imaginable variety of deceit, trickery, bribery, and force in order to arouse the passions of the mob, destroy or discredit the reigning dynasty, and bring about the establishment of an Orleans dynasty with absolute powers on the throne of France.

It is this conspiracy which occupies at once the most startling and the most controversial position in Mrs. Webster's book. In support of it she marshals an imposing array of contemporary evidence; yet her case is weakened by the fact that most of the evidence for the Orleanist plot is supplied by Prudhomme, a renegade revolutionist, and by Montjoie, of whom the author herself says that "owing to his violent ani-

mosity towards the Orleanistes his accusations against them should not be accepted unless confirmed by other contemporary evidence." In this, as in other cases, the author appears too indiscriminating in her use of authorities, and while a final verdict must be left to some one better acquainted with Revolutionary sources than the present reviewer, it may be said here that Mrs. Webster's conclusions should be taken *cum grano salis*.

It is only in a negative sense that the book is what the sub-title calls it—"a study in democracy." I agree with another reviewer that it would be more accurately called a study in conspiracies. Perfectly plain, however, is the connection between this sub-title and the author's principal thesis, namely, that democracy should not be held accountable for the excesses of the Revolution, because democracy had nothing to do with them—they were the work of the various groups of conspirators. The innocence in this regard of the great mass of the French people is not hard to establish, but the only proof Mrs. Webster advances of the *competence* of the democracy to enforce its will is her ascription of the end of the Terror after Robespierre's death to the force of an aroused public opinion.

While perhaps not to be accepted as a whole, it cannot be denied that the volume throws valuable light on some phases of the Revolution and serves as a wholesome corrective to widely existing conceptions of that great cataclysm. One interesting hypothesis that seems fairly well substantiated explains the Terror as a deliberate design of Robespierre and his doctrinaire associates to reduce the population of the country by one-half or more, to a figure more suitable for the perfect state that precious idealist was attempting to build. It is a pleasure to acknowledge that the book is interesting throughout and often vivid and picturesque.

JULIUS W. PRATT.

U. S. Naval Academy.

COLLEGE TEACHING. *Studies in Methods of Teaching in the College.* Edited by Paul Klapper, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Education, The College of the City of New York, with an Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler, LL.D., President of Columbia University. Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York: World Book Company, 1920—xvi, 583 pp.

This book is developed from the implied axiom that American college teaching is in a bad way. A further implication is that one cause for the badness is the dearth of literature on college pedagogy. Professor Klapper saw the need for pioneer work. He saw also certain obstacles in the path, perceiving for example "that there exists among college professors an active hostility to the study of pedagogy." Nevertheless he had the courage to undertake the editing of a volume which "aims to make the college teacher effective."

The scheme of the work is neat and systematic. The general subject is divided into thirty parts, each of which is discussed by an appropriate authority. To insure profitable treatment of each collegiate branch of learning, from Biology to "Business Education," the editor provided a general outline which each author was to follow in the preparation of his authoritative essay, and for the most part the professors followed the outline rather closely. The result is that in the body of the book there are a score of interesting chapters upon the principal college subjects of study.

Here the youth who aspires to be an instructor in English composition may get good advice from Professor Canby of Yale, and the future teacher of Latin may receive equally practical counsel from Professor Prentice of Princeton. But the teacher of "Public Speaking" or "Oral English" will look in vain for a discussion of his problems. Possibly it would have been worth while to include a chapter about this matter. On the other hand, two of the four chapters on "Vocational Subjects" seem distinctly out of place in a book that has for its theme pedagogical problems of the college rather than those of the university or the technical school. If the branches of engineering deserve treatment in the present volume, surely there is no reason for excluding household science, agriculture, and library science. Even on this score, however, little excuse for adverse criticism exists. Our wish is only that the

work before us might have been several large volumes instead of one. It presents a preliminary glimpse of a field which ought to be gone over inch by inch.

The essays in the series are all stimulating, calculated to set teachers to thinking about the methods and aims of their work. Any college pedagogue will find it profitable to read the chapter concerning his own subject and then to read the three introductory chapters of general discussion. In particular, he will discover several new and powerful ideas in the essay called "Professional Training for College Teaching." There President Mezes of the College of the City of New York argues that teachers for colleges and teachers for graduate schools ought to be trained in quite different ways. He proposes that the old Ph. D. be reserved, in general, for research scholars and special investigators, and that a new degree, perhaps "Docendi Doctor", be bestowed as the evidence of three post-graduate years spent in learning to be a college teacher. This is but one of many constructive suggestions which promise to make *College Teaching* a useful force for the advancement of the profession of being a professor.

ROBERT C. WHITEFORD.

Knox College.

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- A HISTORY OF THE ATLANTIC COAST LINE RAILROAD. By Howard Douglas Dozier. (Hart, Schaffner and Marx Prize Essays, xxix.) Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1920—xi, 197 pp.

American railroad history is not merely a story of romance or of economic achievement; it is inextricably linked with political and sectional development, local and national. The time has not come when all phases of the railroad as a factor in American life can be properly estimated; it should be brought appreciably nearer by studies of the evolution of the greater railroad systems of the country, such as Mr. Dozier has made of the Atlantic Coast Line.

More than one-half of the volume is devoted to the period prior to 1860, when the parent stems of the Coast Line in Virginia and the Carolinas were organized. The economic conditions along the tide water region which created the de-

mand for railroads, the rivalries and jealousies of the more important companies, the difficulties over joint rates, and the financial problems of the companies are clearly set forth, especially with respect to the Virginia and North Carolina roads. The experience of certain of the roads during the Civil War is also well treated. Far under proportion for its importance is the treatment of conditions after the War, notably the reorganization and extensions which form the immediate background of the Coast Line system; for example, the organization of the Plant System in Florida is not adequately described and the absence of any interpretation of the work of Henry B. Plant and Henry Walters leaves out of account the human element in the situation. The last two chapters sketch the process of consolidation into the Atlantic Coast Line system. There is also a short "summary and conclusion." The bibliography does not distinguish between sources and authorities and a number of works under the latter classification are not mentioned.

W. K. B.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FROM HAYES TO MCKINLEY, 1877-1896. By James Ford Rhodes. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1919—xiii, 484 pp.

Mr. Rhodes' seven volumes on the *History of the United States from the Compromise, of 1850*, which end with the close of reconstruction, rank as one of the few monumental works on American history. In contrast the present volume does not meet the high standard of its predecessors. The period treated, twenty years, is covered in about the number of pages given to four or five years in the preceding volumes. Compression and omission are therefore natural. There is also less variety of sources cited, although available materials have increased, even multiplied. The reliance on collaborators is also far greater than in the previous work, nine of the twenty chapters being based on briefs prepared by Mr. Matteson and Mr. Bourne. The greatest defect, however, is the lack of a perspective. The new forces which were shaping a new era in the destiny of the nation are not portrayed; such matters as combination and trusts, the labor movement, the

agrarian discontent and machine politics are not treated except incidentally, as they appear as factors in the general stream of national politics. In brief, the period from 1877 to 1896 was not an aftermath of reconstruction; it was the foundation period for the domestic questions, political and economic, of today, and as such it should have been treated.

Yet, spite of these limitations, the volume has a distinct value. It is properly the retrospect of a contemporary, of a man of sanity, judgment and charity. Mr. Rhodes' impressions, his description of conditions and events as he knew them, his view of well known characters are well worth having, and he who in the future writes the history of the United States during the years from 1877 to 1896 will undoubtedly be influenced by many of Mr. Rhodes' estimates and conclusions.

W. K. B.

POEMS. By Edwin Curran. Boston: The Four Seas Co., 1919—55 pp.

MONOGRAPHS. By William Frederick Allen. Boston: The Four Seas Co., 68 pp.

PICTURE-SHOW. By Siegfried Sassoon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 36 pp.

The bulk of Mr. Curran's poems deal with nature, patriotic subjects, and what his publishers call the "future generations" themes. The bulk is not very impressive, nor are the themes very various. Mr. Curran seems to have a pretty, if slightly sentimental, appreciation of the beauty of flowers. In *The Hills* he shows a somewhat impressive sympathy with the more permanent feature of nature. His feeling for nature merges with the patriotic and future generation motives in such poems as *To Future Generations* and *The Dead Soldier*, in which there is a sort of pantheistic mingling of the dead with the recurring aspects of nature. This feeling is given a rather striking reverse twist in

THE CLOD

I picked up the clod
 "You may yet be a man," I said. "Dream on,
 Are you not glad? Do you not tremble?"
 But dully it looked at me.
 I could swear I heard a sigh of relief.
 There was no ecstasy, no joy,
 "I have been a man," the clod said.

The war poems and other patriotic poems presumably inspired by the war hardly rise above the respectable mediocrity of numerous similar poems recently published. The Scylla and Charybdis of war poems are sentimentality and brutal violence. The impressive war poem is one in which powerful feeling is held in restraint. Mr. Curran lacks the restraint because the feeling is hardly powerful enough to require it; with his reiterated "Poor France, poor France" in *After the Marne*, and his habitual reference to soldiers as "chevaliers," and his somewhat over-worked association of warlike subjects with flowers, he falls into a mild sentimentalism which is hardly redeemed by the better qualities of *The Dead Airman* and certain stanzas of *Officers Diary*. Shakespeare was everything, as we know from summing up the critics, but it is doubtful, if even he was as sentimental as Mr. Curran makes him in *Shakespeare*, with his early morning excursions to pluck violets and daffodils from the ancient hillsides.

Ireland finds another voice for her wrongs in *The Shamrock*, which is not notably impressive. A reader of many such poems—and there are many—will exclaim, "Poor Ireland," and if, on reflection, this comment sounds ambiguous, the fault may be justly ascribed to the characteristic duplicity of the English language.

In spite of metrical lapses, some of which are evidently due to typographical errors, there is rhythmical adequacy and a measure of lyric grace in some of the poems, notably *Autumn in Wartime* and *First Frost*.

Mr. Allen's *Monographs* recalls Coleridge's remarks about Tennyson's early poetry, that here was a young man who had begun to write poetry without knowing what rhythm was. If one makes subtle and felicitous rhythm the test of poetry, he cannot rank Mr. Allen's poetry very high. Nor does Mr. Allen cover up the inadequacy of his rhythm by any skillful use of tone-color, as Coleridge, a little later, would certainly have admitted that Tennyson did. The lines are sometimes a little jagged, not by reason of false quantities, but from failure to secure smooth word sequence by the proper manipulation of vowel and consonant. This lack of smoothness is increased by a too frequent indulgence in exclamatory style

and extraordinary, sometimes even uncouth, word usage. B'neath, integral, henpen (noun), déspite, eterne (noun), grandeured, trig-nanced, the thus-and-so, are all used more or less awkwardly. Sensuous or imaginative beauty is hardly to be claimed for these poems. There are some striking lines, such as "the day slinks out like a gray old cat and curls in the wet depths of the sky" describing a gray day, and

"with feathered oars
On stilly seas I've seen thee,"

addressed to Death. There are, on the other hand, lines where the meaning is obscure or difficult in the fashion made familiar by Browning, with whom, incidentally, Mr. Allen seems to have several other points of distant kinship. But, as the poet himself says in *Good Thought*,

"If good wine's worth drinking
Then good thought's worth thinking—
Or better no thought at all!

and Mr. Allen's poems *have* thought—of a superior quality, too.

Any old-fashioned reader who likes for a poem to have an intellectual nexus sufficiently definite to stand analysis and stimulate orderly reflection will read these poems with respect. There is no over-done strenuousness, no inviting of the soul to loaf. There is no ultra modern wandering, through sensuous or bizarre suggestion, to the edge of some fog of thought into which the reader plunges alone, to return dizzy with vague impressions which are inchoately poetic and which convince him that the poet, who had probably wandered off on a different excursion similarly vague, is an excellent cicerone for the emotions. Mr. Allen deals with religion, patriotism, death, the modern city, the modern philosophy of life, in a mood compounded of thoughtful reflection, religious faith, and restrained idealism. He seems to think, unaccountably, that the new age, in constructing a modern set of eternal verities, has acted hastily. In *Simplicity* he prays, "soul sick of war," for the old simplicity of thought and faith upon which

we have "reasoned" ourselves into the "chaos of a doubtful skill." *These Days*, quoted below, will serve to exemplify both the vigor of his opinions and the stylistic trails already mentioned.

THESE DAYS

We're nerves these days!
 No head, no heart, no soul—mere nerves!
 We shriek in angles, sneer in curves—
 We writhe in Pandemonium maze.
 We each are blood of the Gummidge tribe.
 We croak like frogs in a stagnant pool.
 We may be gods, but we ape the fool—
 We stick out tongues; we mouth and gibe
 Like children o'er some toffee-bit;
 And yet, God knows, there's work to do!
 But, chip on shoulder, wild hullabaloo—
 And nineteen ways of splitting spit!
 We wage on beer and nicotine—
 We seize each by his front and throat.
 God, force on us thy creosote—
 Pray rub our souls with Nature's green!
 Or else we perish, Bander-Log-
 Unfit to walk thy kindly meads!
 By Christ's eternal Heart that bleeds
 To watch us grovel, each a dog
 Chained to his vomit—give us *heads*
 Cool as the snows, give tempered *hearts*!
 Look—selfish greed bestrides our marts
 And hog with satyr boldly weds!
 God save our nations, lest array
 Our souls lost on Thy Judgment Day!

One of the outstanding qualities of Siegfried Sassoon's poems is compression. The tendency of modern poetry is toward brevity—so much the magazine has accomplished—but one sees many brief poems nowadays that are still over extended. The brevity of most of the poems in this volume is that of real compression. Another outstanding trait is the combined strength and beauty of some of the lines. *The Slumber Song*, beginning,

Sleep; and my song shall build about your bed
 A paradise of dimness. You shall feel
 The folding of tired wings; and peace will dwell
 Throned in your silence;

and the following *Ancient History*, a sonnet of somewhat unusual rhyming scheme, show poetic competence certainly above that of the great mass of poems printed every year:

Adam, a brown old vulture in the rain,
Shivered below his wind-whipped olive trees;
Huddling sharp chin on scarred and scraggy knees,
He moaned and mumbled to his darkening brain;
"He was the grandest of them all—was Cain!
A lion laired in the hills, that none could tire
Swift as a stag; a stallion of the plain,
Hungry and fierce with deeds of huge desire."

The inevitable war poems in the volume hardly add to its quality, unless the exquisite *Elegy to Robert Ross* is due to the War. They voice vividly enough the realistic horror of modern war, but there still lingers in odd corners a quaint prejudice, shared by the present reviewer, against such expressions as "shot Horribly through the guts," "talking big and boozing in a bar," and "the rats; and the stench of corpses rotting," as the proper stuff of poetry. Thomas Rhymer should be living at this hour to repent his abhorrence of the handkerchief episode in *Othello*. "There's much debate in many a school," remarks Carolyn Wells, in a mood of sapient criticism,

"Twixt what is balderdash and what art,—
I have one simple little rule:
Whatever makes me sick is not art."

Yet, while some of these war poems are not art in the opinion of the present reviewer, he should certainly not be inclined to condemn the whole book on that account—there are too many poems in it that do show art of a rather unusual quality. Among these should be mentioned, in addition to those already cited, *Sporting Acquaintances* and *Ancient History*, both in a vein of excellent ironic humor; also *Butterflies and Vision*, which has a restrained beauty of thought and expression.

N. I. WHITE.

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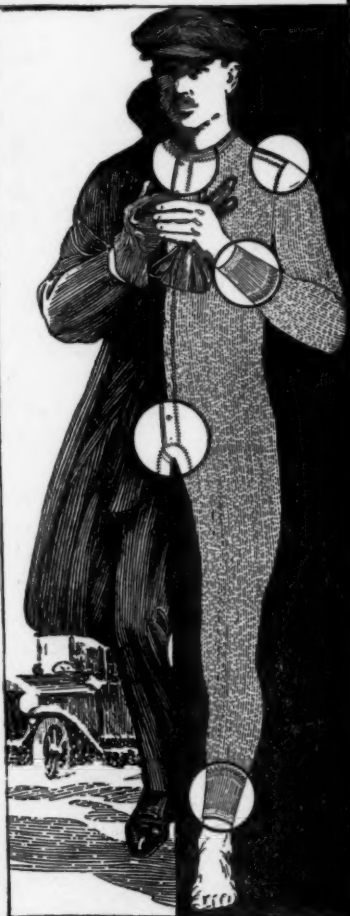
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